THE WORLD OF THE INCAS

OTFRID VON HANSTEIN

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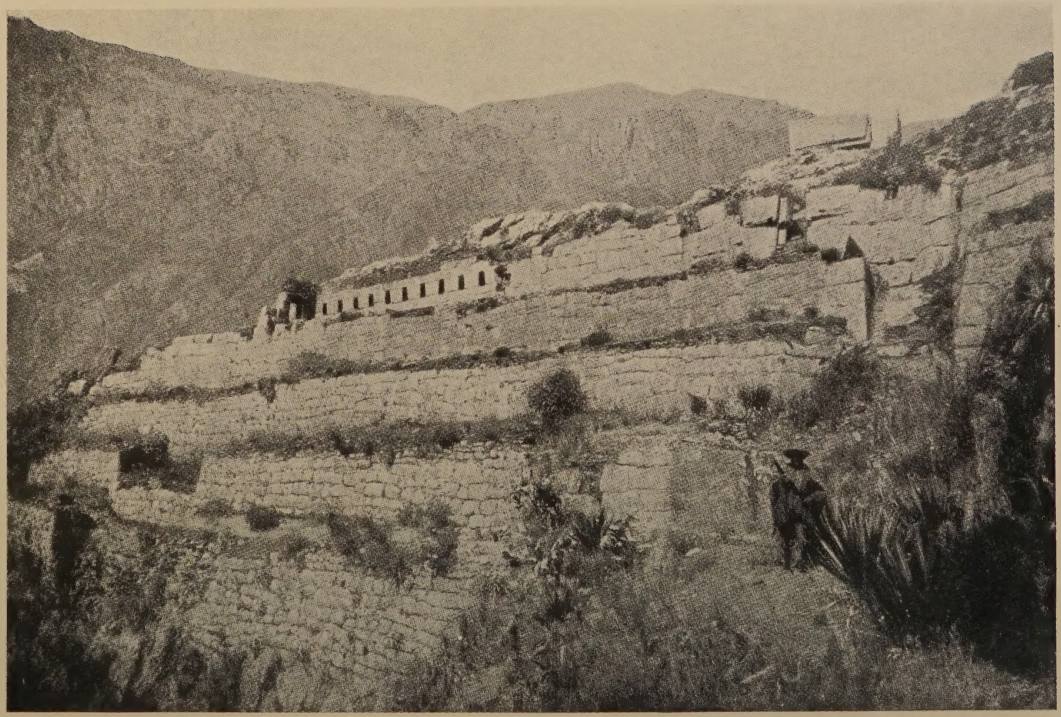

INCA FORTRESS AT ALLANTAYTAMBO, SOUTHERN PERU.

THE WORLD OF THE INCAS

A SOCIALISTIC STATE OF THE PAST

BY

OTFRID VON HANSTEIN

TRANSLATED BY

ANNA BARWELL

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The World of the Incas

CHAPTER I

MANCO CAPAC, THE CREATOR

IT is the great lawgivers who lay the foundations of important civilizations, whether they are founders of religions such as Moses and Buddha, Christ and Mohammed, or whether lawgivers of temporal states and of the classic world such as Solon, Lycurgus and the rest—the names of such men will recur to every fairly educated mind. But who was Manco Capac ?

Yet he created a state, a code of morals and civilization that for four centuries transformed a large number of Indian tribes, alike only in their savage state, into a highly civilized people, who were not only equal to us in many points, but might even set us an example. Nay, more, this state of his seems almost modern to our present-day progressive ideas, whilst all those who cherish the ideal of a communistic, socialistic state will find here an instance of such a community, see its possibility, and, when all is said and done, its impossibility as far as we are concerned.

Manco Capac was, moreover, a religious teacher What founder of any civilization is not? Religion—the firm belief in a higher being who knows those secrets of earth-born men that are hidden from human rulers, who has power after death to punish or to reward—religion is indeed the most powerful ally of the founder of any civilization, and if there is such an almighty being, no matter in what form, whether as a person or as the embodiment of universal force, his name is after all immaterial, be it the one Jehovah of the Jews, the God—three in one—of Christ, Pachacutec the supreme Creator, or Inti the Sun-God, provided only his worshippers believe in him.

Thus the founder of every civilization has given to this God the special form which best suited his own purpose. Moses, who led the unruly Children of Israel through the wilderness, needed an angry, avenging God; Mohammed, whose one ambition was to conquer the world for Islam, required a belligerent God, sword in hand; Buddha, the teacher of dreamy, gentle Indians, preached the God of infinite love to all created things, whether man, beast or plant; and Christ, the tender-hearted apostle of brotherly love to men, who—had He also been a worldly ruler and organizer, and had not the superior power of the Jewish priests, who feared His teaching, combined with the Roman rule to put Him to such a speedy death—might have founded a kingdom in many respects not unlike Manco Capac's—Christ, too, proclaimed a God, the divine father of his children. All these religious leaders had, moreover, another point in common that they called themselves either the son or the embodiment of the Godhead and

their successors God's representatives on earth. And what have these representatives from time to time made of the divinity of their founder ?

Have not the Popes in their lust of power and their fear of anyone who, by the strength of his own thought, might pierce the wall they had built up round human hearts, changed Christ's God of mercy into a terrible heathen deity, who, like the Tetzcatlipoca of the Aztecs, demands endless human sacrifices, for what other name can be given to the *auto-da-fés* and witch-burnings of the " Holy Inquisition " ?

This by the way, only as a help to us in understanding much that might seem inconsistent with the modern spirit of the civilization created by that genial Indian. And now we will turn our attention to him.

What does history say of Manco Capac ?

Father Francisco of Toledo relates thus :

" It was in the early years of the twelfth century, about the time when the German Emperor, Henry IV, had to expiate his sin of struggling against Gregory VII by his penance at Canossa, that Manco Capac, the first Inca, accompanied by his sister Oello Huaco, whom he married and, later on, raised to the rank of *' Mama Coya,'* the Queen-Empress, wandered from the islands of Lake Titicaca over the bleak pass of Huilcanota towards the north to rescue from their miserable existence in the deepest darkness of barbarism and to convert to civilization the wild cannibal tribes of Indians living in these mountain valleys."

Where did Manco Capac come from originally ? How did he reach those islands in Lake Titicaca ? Whence did he derive the high culture, the enlightened know-

ledge, the wisdom that fitted him for his work? These are some of the many secrets hidden by the primeval forests and wild mountain solitudes in South and Central America. He doubtless belonged to another, still older civilization, and may have been compelled to flee by some unknown cause, possibly even the destruction of his home.

Let us, for a moment, consider the country which was the cradle of so much civilization that has not descended to our day. In the forests of the River Amazon; farther north, in the Mexican province of Chiapas, where the ruins of the castle of Palenque lie in deep sleep amidst the primeval forests near the shores of the Usumacinta; in the well-nigh deserted and wooded district of the Pete in Guatamala, where the ruins still exist of entire Indian towns and fortresses and where even now, amongst the wild flowers of the tropical flora, the most varied cultivated plants bear testimony to former work by human hands—in all these districts monuments are still to be found of earlier periods of prosperity, some of which, like those Indian towns, were brought to desolation by the Spanish messengers of civilization, whilst others had perished long before any European set foot upon these distant shores.

But Peru, more than all other districts, is bestrewn with ruins such as these, that bear evidence to a past dating back for many centuries, numbers of the buildings indeed being pronounced by investigators as amongst the first raised by the hand of man.

Peru offers, too, a landscape as wild as it is irregular and broken.

When Pizarro, the *conquistador*, first turned the keels of his vessels southwards to press on from Panama to the fabulous hoards of gold in these unknown regions, he must have needed an iron will, indomitable energy and delight in the conquest of apparently insurmountable difficulties not to turn back in despair from the barren stretches of coast-line, inhabited only by enormous numbers of sea-lions or the chosen breeding haunts of gulls in their thousands, from the dashing of terrible billows against inhospitable cliffs, from wild, jagged rocks with threatening spurs, projecting far out into the ocean, and behind all these the even wilder mountain-world of the Andes, whose summits glitter white with eternal snows.

In the interior the nature of the country is even more stupendous: great stretches of desert, treeless plateaux bereft both of water and of rain, where only the giant cactus raises its portentous head above the sun-burnt sand; many, many miles only trodden by the silent vicuna or the quick steps of passing flocks of llamas; a strangely vibrating atmosphere, fitting home for the circling condor; long chains of mighty snow mountains, with here and there an active volcano sullying their white garments with the blood-red stains of its fiery streams of lava. Then, too, torrents, fed from the high mountain glaciers, dash through the steep ravines they have hollowed in the rocks, whilst these solitary valleys teem with all the luxuriant splendour of the tropics—rich primeval forests with their impenetrable lianas and marvellous giant butterflies hovering over the brightly coloured flowers, birds with the gayest of plumage, stealthy wild cats, colossal

lizards and serpents, to say nothing of the apes swinging from branch to branch and ravening beasts of prey.

Then again a meadow of shimmering green, a dreamy mountain lake, often, like the wide expanse of Titicaca's waters, sparkling amongst even mightier snowy giants at a height exceeding the topmost point of Mont Blanc.

And in the utter solitude of these valleys so cut off from the world and from each other by insurmountable natural barriers, we find monuments of extinct human races—their only epitaph these ruined buildings—who flourished there possibly for centuries until they were destroyed by the onslaught of wild, barbaric tribes or as the result of the earthquakes, so common in this district.

In the valley of Tiahuanuco, south-south-west of Titicaca, from which it is separated by mountain chasms and precipices, there are, even at the present day, such ruins of extraordinary size and extent, whose origin the Incas themselves could not explain even at the time of the *conquistadores*.

" They were built by giants or by enemies of the Gods, hence their destruction." These ruins of Tiahuanuco, in which explorers discovered remains of temples, castles, fortifications—possibly the prototype of the Saxuahuaman fortress in Cuzco—curious stone slabs, models in miniature of future buildings, and a system of irrigation, probably formed the home from which Manco Capac and his sister started on their pilgrimage, possibly driven out by the destruction of those places —which he purposely did not disclose to posterity— and certainly endued with the wisdom born and nurtured in those mountain solitudes.

The reason is more simply given in the fable that romance has woven round the name of Manco Capac as told by Garcilasso de la Vega, who proudly claims for himself a place amongst the hero's descendants.

" Pachacamac the Supreme Creator—who is so great that poor human nature may not presume to worship him within the confines of a temple—and his son, Inti the Sun-God, were moved with compassion by the ignorance of mankind, still wrapped in the slumber of barbarism, so he chose as his messengers two of his children, Manco Capac and his sister Oello."

This choice was said to have taken place on the sacred rock rising out of the lake on the northern side of the island of Titicaca, a supremely fitting place for the scene of a divine commission.

At their feet this lake, situated at the height of the summit of Mont Blanc, with waters so unfathomable that the explorer Squier could find no bottom, even at a depth of one hundred fathoms ; this lake whose waters never freeze but pass on through the narrow valley of the Desaguadero to the almost unexplored lake Aullagas, lying towards the south in Bolivia ; this lake surrounded by the majesty of the Andes' snowy peaks, beginning with the mighty Illampu, almost equal to the highest points of the Himalayas, and stretching away, summit after summit, to the scarcely less mighty Illimani.

The silent stupendous power of almighty Nature around, and on the plateau rising so precipitously out of the lake—Manco Capac and his sister ! No wonder that, later on, this spot was overlaid with pure gold by the reverent hands of faithful worshippers !

It was indeed a gigantic picture for the eyes of one who was chosen to hear and carry the divine message.

Here then—so runs the tale—Inti, the Sun-God, approached the chosen messenger and placed in his hand a golden staff.

" Take this, Manco Capac, and turn thy footsteps to the North. Cross the mountains and fear not the toilsome path over burning desert, swamp or stone ! Each evening when thou liest down to rest, cast the golden staff from out thy hand. But so soon as the evening comes, when the staff shall disappear beneath earth's mantle, then know that thou hast reached the place whither God has sent thee.

" There fix thy dwelling and, turning thy steps North, South, East and West, found the realm of the four suns—the realm of Tahuantinsuyu."

Such was Inti's command, and the two messengers started on their quest, crossing to the western shore on the tossing " *balsa*," the narrow raft made of plaited reeds still in use to-day, on which the passenger kneels in a painful struggle to keep his balance, whilst the boatman, standing astride at one end, propels his vessel forward by beating the water with a short thick stick in place of oars.

From the northern end of the lake they passed through the narrow entrance leading up to the wild, mountainous pass of Huillcanota, a treeless, terrifying and rocky desert, overshadowed by icy mountain peaks and bestrewn with swampy lakes of tainted water. " Beware, it is Veruga water," the guide of to-day cries to the traveller who, tortured with burning thirst, tries to drink of these sulphurous, poisonous springs.

Yet there is something grand, almost unearthly, in the majestic desolation of the landscape.

Every evening the travellers cast the God's golden staff upon the ground, but it was not until they had passed the terrors of the pass and descended to the charming, fruitful valley of the Hutenay that, one evening, the golden symbol disappeared. "With joy the divine messengers paused in their journey and founded, at the confluence of the Hutenay and the Chunchillmayo, the capital Cuzco, taught and trained the wild natives, thus laying the foundation of the mighty empire of Tahuantinsuyu." We again quote the fable.

Doubtless a small company of men, fleeing from the fall of the kingdom in Tihuanuco, passed, under the leadership of Manco Capac, over the Huillcanota Pass, and, thanks to their superior intelligence, or perhaps also to better weapons, reduced to subjection the tribes of native barbarians.

Barbarians! A relative term only! Applied by the Incas to those wild mountain races whom they subdued, but no less the designation they themselves were to receive later on from the lips of their Spanish conquerors.

Yet these barbarians of the Cuzco valley, who in Manco Capac's day certainly stood on a lower plane of civilization, wearing no clothes and living mainly on the forest fruits and wild creatures such as lizards, snakes and river-crabs—even they had already left behind them—and completely forgotten—a period of civilization to which testimony is borne amongst the Inca monuments by a few isolated ruins that point to an origin of much earlier date.

Even here there had already existed a kingdom that doubtles possessed a written language, which, strangely enough, the Inca realm never achieved, for even at the time of her zenith her people were content to knot together, in artful wise, gay-coloured threads into their "*quipus*"; these were indeed so perfect a substitute for writing, that scholars are able from them to form not only a comprehensive picture of Inca history and progress, but to find in them many examples of their poetic art and even entire dramatic plays.

Here, then, Manco Capac founded the capital Cuzco and began the systematic civilization of the natives and the creation of the state of "The Four Suns."

His first object was to bring to the native races the new religion of the Sun-God whose son he claimed to be.

What religion was more likely to appeal to those simple minds than the belief that the Sun whose heat-giving rays each day disperses the terrors of the night, nourishes and ripens the fields of corn, bringing life and joy to all creation, watches over men too with divine goodness?

The savage tribes found, too, no difficulty in believing in the God's son, Manco Capac, for he and his companions, with their comparatively costly garments and their bronze weapons, adorned with gold, formed a striking contrast to the naked forms of the natives, who, moreover, gave ready homage to the strangers' superior wisdom.

The first command issued by Manco Capac aimed therefore at also giving a distinctive outward mark to the subjects of the Sun-God's realm: henceforth no

one in the kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu was to go unclothed.

We will deal later on with the other laws, but now we will see how Manco Capac confirmed the supremacy of his own dynasty and how this supremacy developed.

Manco Capac married his own sister, and gave her the title of Queen, at the same time issuing a decree that every successive ruler must marry his eldest sister to provide an heir to the throne, after whose birth, however, all marital relations should cease between the ruler and his sister-wife.

Strangely enough, in spite of this continual inbreeding, he was followed by a succession of thirteen remarkable men. Apart, moreover, from the physical danger of such a custom, this decree was a source of extraordinary stability to the throne, precluding, as it did from the first, all disputes as to succession, since none of the numerous children born to every Inca's other and subordinate wives had any claim to the throne at all.

This succession was broken only twice; the first time when Urco, the eldest son of the eighth Inca, Huivacotsha, proved unworthy of the throne and his place was taken by his brother Yupanqui, who afterwards, under the name of Pachacutec Yupanqui Capac Intiptshuri, Inca Yupanqui the Great, the Absolute, the Unconquerable, became one of the most distinguished of his race.

It is true it then so chanced that by way of exception both brothers were the children of the *Mama-Coya* (Queen-Mother).

The second case happened when Huayna Capac, the

twelfth Inca—under whose rule the realm of Tahuantinsuyu reached the zenith of its power—allowed himself to be persuaded to give to a favourite son of a subordinate wife equal rights of succession with the lawful heir, and to name Inca Atahuallpa as independent ruler of the province of Pinta. This unhappy deviation from the dynasty decrees was a contributory cause of the downfall of the realm, coinciding, as it did, with the advent of Pizarro, who was shrewd enough to utilize the war between the brothers as a means to the conquest of the kingdom, which would otherwise not have proved so easy a prey.

At the side of the Inca, distinguished from his subjects by his special dress as well as by the veneration rendered to him as to divinity himself, stood as trusted counsellor the "*Villjac Vmu*," High Priest to the Sun-God.

Manco Capac called himself the son of this deity. This claim to divinity—we have its counterpart in our modern rulers "by the grace of God"—was at that time a necessity amongst the wild aborigines, and proved, being in full accord with the conditions of the day, a further bulwark to the royal house. The Inca felt himself divine, a God indeed whose duty it was to care for his human children with the fatherly goodness of the Sun-God whom Manco Capac preached.

This belief in his own divinity is perhaps the reason why each of the twelve Incas fulfilled his office so perfectly, and there is no doubt that the wise *Villjac Vmus*, the guardians of the Temple, helped the ruler with their sage counsels.

And again we meet with a strange fact in this unique state, for during the four hundred years of its existence

we do not once hear of strife between the Inca and his chief priest, a remarkable contrast to the dissensions between quarrelsome Christian popes and temporal rulers.

The heir to the throne was most carefully educated, for after he had passed his first years in the somewhat loveless atmosphere in which all Inca children were brought up, he passed on at an early age into the school of the learned Amautas.

They did not trouble much about the care of children in Tahuantinsuyu. No sooner was the child born than the young mother, without any consideration for either, at once bathed both herself and it in the cold mountain stream and then went about her ordinary occupations.

In the same way it would have been looked upon as weak effeminacy for any Inca mother to lift her child on to her lap to fondle it. The child's place was, first of all, a rough wooden cradle that the mother rocked with her foot from time to time, and later, when the little one began to creep about, a hole dug out in the earth and lined with rags. Its toy was a rattle of mussel shells filled with sand and fastened together again.

For two years every mother—the *Mama Coya* no less than the wife of the "*hatunruna*" (workman)—suckled her child three times a day, and the little creatures, as soon as they could walk, would come of their own accord to kneel and ask her for this food.

But then the young Inca was placed in the *Amautas'* school, where he received most thorough instruction in his family's history, in the principles of statecraft as

fixed by law, and also in military tactics from generals of experience.

The future Crown Prince received a stricter and more thorough training than anyone else, and from very early years was roused to the consciousness of his divine descent.

After he had undergone for days beforehand a strict fast, only broken by a few handfuls of parched maize, he went with the other youths to the sacred mountain, *Huanacaure.* Here a maiden from the Monastery of the "*Accllias*"—of which we will speak later—handed him two golden goblets filled with a drink similar to wine called "*tshitsha.*" One he poured out as a drink-offering to the Sun-God and the other he drank himself.

The young men's hair was cut—common people were compelled to wear theirs long—and they were dressed in red garments. Then began the examination, the first part of which was a test of physical fitness. Holding a silver halberd, they had to run at full speed to the fortress Cuzco, and whoever was first at the goal and seized the standard planted there was proclaimed as "*Huaman*" (captain). Then followed a lengthy examination in military matters, and lastly the Crown Prince was examined by the *Amautas* before the Inca and the *Villjac Vmu* in the art and traditions of statecraft.

The assembled people waited on the great square *Haucaypata,* situated between the Inca's palace and the Sun-God's Temple, and it was there that the *Villjac Vmu* led the Crown Prince up to his father, the Inca.

What a wonderful display of pomp was here! They had long known the secret of washing gold from the

river beds, and the Inca's throne was of massive gold, whilst a thick slab of the same precious metal served as footstool for his feet.

The Inca wore a white garment of finest vicuna wool; above this a coloured tunic decorated with inwoven patterns of gaily coloured flowers, and on his shoulders a dark cloak. On his forehead was bound the emblem of his royal rank, the "*borla*," a red tassel with a fringe, overlaid for half its length with gold; a golden sun adorned his breast, a golden bracelet encircled his left arm, and his feet were encased in gold-plaited sandals; in his ears the Inca wore great lumps of gold, heavy enough to drag the lobes down on to his shoulders. The *Villjac Vmu*, too, was in full state. Above the dark sleeveless garment covering the old man's form was wound another of white, adorned with gold and precious stones and bordered with red fringes and tassels. His bare arms were both encircled with bangles, and from his left hand hung on a thin chain a golden concave mirror with which, at the *Raymi* Feast, he kindled the fire on the Sun-God's altar.

On his head he wore a tiara like a crown with its golden sun, and fastened below his chin with the moon's golden sickle.

It is apparent that his whole make-up was not unlike that of a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church.

The *Villjac Vmu* then led the young Crown Prince up to the Inca, who, in the presence of the whole multitude, exhorted him to be ever mindful of his duties as a true son of Inti and to observe the statutes of the Incas. He then with his own hands pierced his ears and put

in each the first earring of a golden needle, afterwards placing the yellow tassel betokening royal succession round the head of his son, who was now considered as belonging to the circle of the Incas themselves.

The same excessive pomp was also to be found in the Inca's palace. Costly material draped the walls wherever these were not inlaid with gold. The Inca ate from golden plates and received beautiful hand-woven napkins and bronze knives from the hands of the virgins from the Sun-Temple, whose duty it was to wait upon the sovereign and to present his food in golden bowls, and whose skilful hands wove the costly garments made from the fine vicuna wool reserved for the Inca alone and from the bat's soft skin.

In the Temple of the Sun-God too, as we shall see later on, innumerable treasures were stored. But here there was a difference. These mighty stores of gold were heaped up in the temples to such a degree that even outside the door a great pile of massive gold bars was built up like some glittering pile of gilded wood. But these temple treasures were not the accumulated gains of a greedy priesthood athirst for gold, but, in a certain sense, a state treasury in case of necessity, for the Inca was, after all, his people's God and used the divine treasure for their good, as need might arise.

And where would the gold have been safer than in the Temple of their God ?

Thus these glittering bars were a provision for war, an imperial bank, so to speak, whilst, at the same time, affording a gorgeous spectacle for any visitor to the capital.

Such was the life of this mortal god, and when he

died his body was carefully embalmed and placed on a throne in the Temple. At great feasts, however, the mummies of the dead Incas—every one in the same magnificence as when alive—were carried on their golden thrones out of the Temple and placed on the square of Haucaypata, whilst opposite to them were the mummies of the *Mama Coyas*, which had also been brought from their resting-place in the Moon-Temple, so that the rulers of past days were, so to speak, witnesses of the present too.

Thus we see in the Inca dynasty an autocracy rivalling in its pomp that of any Indian Mogul.

We shall, in the following pages, see how this dynasty —perhaps the most autocratic that ever existed— managed, by its own distinctive methods it is true, to found and to maintain for centuries the most communistic state this world has ever seen.

CHAPTER II

BELLAMY'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE REALIZED BY THE INCAS

THE American writer, Bellamy, in his well-known imaginative romance, *Looking Backwards*, depicted what was in his opinion an ideal state in which all private property and even money payments had been done away with, and in which he advocated, instead, that all property should be held by the state, that the performance of certain work should be obligatory on every citizen, who, in return, would have a right to all necessaries of life, and that old age should enjoy rest and leisure. To a certain degree, this book of Bellamy's has been the foundation of all modern socialistic movements, and it is deeply interesting to see that in the kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu a state founded on these principles has once already been in existence and to notice the conditions under which its inhabitants lived.

There was but one point of difference in the fact that this state was not built on republican principles, but existed under the control of an imperial despotism. In any case, we shall see that the fulfilment of such a programme, whose fundamental principle is that each individual has to perform a definite task for the public

good and receives in exchange an equal apportionment of food, clothing and protection, brings with it as a necessary result the entire abolition of all personal liberty and individual freedom of movement. If every citizen has certain compulsory work, and if each year all the work on the land—as well as all other work, whether of head or hand, required by the state—has to be fairly redistributed, an exceedingly accurate control of the population is absolutely indispensable. There was, of course, no central registration office of the inhabitants, nor any system of police districts in the Inca kingdom, but they made use of other expedients.

A "*Tshuncacamayoc*," or government controller, was set over every group of ten families, and similarly a "*Curacuna*" over every group of one hundred, or sometimes even of fifty only.

Families to the number of one to five thousand were under a "*Curaca*," ten thousand under a "*Hunu*" and lastly forty thousand families made up a province under the oversight of an "*Apocone*."

Each of the sub-officers had to render account of his stewardship in the first place to his own superior officer, but the chief official, the *apocone*, went several times yearly to Cuzco to give his report in person to the Emperor. This official had also the control of the law proceedings, whilst the lower officers, too, were permitted to punish trivial offences, always, of course, with the proviso that every case of punishment was reported to their own chief. No one lower than a *curaca* could impose the death penalty, and even he had to get the sentence confirmed by a *hunu*.

Here, then, we have a complete military organization

transferred to civil life, the *tshuncacamayoc* corresponding to a lieutenant, the *curacuna* to a captain, the *curaca* to a major, the *hunu* to a colonel, the *apocone* to a general, with this difference only, that a *tshuncacamaya*, for example, never advanced to a *curacuna*, but all his life kept his original rank, and that the different offices, as a rule, descended from father to son, but only, it is true, if the son showed himself likely to prove a worthy successor, since the Inca always chose the most promising of the male descendants irrespective of all priority of birth. Moreover, "*tuiricocs*" (secret agents) travelled throughout the whole year through all the provinces, and since they continually changed their routes to preserve their incognito they could keep a controlling eye on the officers without their knowledge; and again, all unknown even to these agents and quite independent of them, there were the *tarisapacs* (secret state-dignitaries), who made tours of the most careful inspection of the whole district and at the same time exercised a secret supervision over the inspecting *tuiricocs* themselves.

Here again we see an extremely careful and admirably conducted organization, which, however, can only be compared with a military system, not with modern measures of civil control, since each of these officials was appointed by the Inca himself and not in any way by a community or province, and since each, no matter whether his district lay in the capital city of Cuzco with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, roughly speaking, or in some sparsely populated province, had exactly the same number of persons under his control.

This, then, was the organization of control over the whole kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu, with its population of ten to twelve millions as estimated by Squier in his painstaking investigations, although Bishop Las Casa of Chiapa states that the Spaniards massacred forty million human beings in Tahuantinsuyu alone.

The penalties were, as a rule, severe, and especially so in the case of negligence on the part of any *tshuncacamayoc* in the official oversight of his ten families, whether it was that he had omitted to keep an idler to his work or to see that immediate help in food, clothing and necessaries from the national stores had come to anyone in want through no fault of his own but as the result of some epidemic, bad harvest or sickness.

Every year provision was made for an exact census, which was rendered much more easy by the fact that no inhabitant was ever allowed, except by state command, to change his place of residence, not even to move into the next village.

The *tshuncacamayoc* had to keep very careful records (by *quipus*) of his families, and these were divided into twelve different age-periods. The first comprised the years from birth to the sixteenth year in seven stages, in which the children were at first only a charge to their parents, then to a certain degree helpful, and lastly took a share of the common work. The eighth period consisted of youths from sixteen to twenty years, who were not as yet liable to the compulsory state-labour but were expected to help in the work required of the family, that is, of course, only so far as they had not given sign of any special gift which

would qualify them for further training in an *Amauta* school. The ninth period included the years from twenty to twenty-five, when the young people were still only considered helpers, not full workers.

Twenty-five to fifty was the period of manhood with full state obligations. From fifty to sixty years of age men were used as overseers or for light work, and all who had passed their sixtieth year could enjoy complete leisure at the public expense, and all that was asked of them was their advice according to their power to give it. The *tshuncacamayoc* made his *quipus* in accordance with these age-periods, carefully noting every case of birth or death; his *quipus* were handed in every month to his superior officer, who passed his own report on every three months, so that at any time the chief authority in Cuzco had exact information as to the state of the population in the whole kingdom.

Before we pass on to a detailed discussion of the method of dividing the land and allotting the compulsory work, we would like to consider an abstract of the interesting code of laws that were originally issued by Manco Capac, as reproduced in Brehm's comprehensive work on the Inca realm, to which the present writer owes so many details.

This code contains twenty-four paragraphs and is indeed worthy of note.

Paragraph 1.—All inhabitants of the state are required to use the Quichua language as spoken in Cuzco, at any rate in speaking to officials.

This very first clause shows far-sighted wisdom in dealing with a state consisting of a conglomeration of many races with tongues as various as the tribes, for

without it the remaining enactments could not have been promptly put into force.

Paragraph 2.—In every parish all necessary trades shall be undertaken by master craftsmen and journeymen; at least every province must be able to make everything required by its inhabitants.

Paragraph 3.—At seed-time and harvest no one—from the Inca himself to the lowest of his subjects—may refuse to put his hand to any necessary operation of the public agricultural work.

This regulation had its origin in the shrewd recognition of agriculture as the mainstay of the national life, and—just as the Chinese Emperor still does with symbolic intention—at the proper seasons the Inca himself and the royal princes went with their golden tools in solemn state to the sacred field situated in the city of Cuzco in order to set the example themselves. Even warfare stopped whenever possible at that time and the soldiers were sent to their homes on leave. Other occupations, too, came to a standstill, and all hands were turned to work the land, the only exceptions being the post-runners in the Inca's service, whose business it was unweariedly to carry his orders as expressed by *quipus* from place to place.

Paragraph 4.—Everyone is required to have accurate knowledge of the soil of his own fields and may only cultivate such crops as promise the richest possible harvest.

Here we have a sensible use of the soil to its fullest capacity, which was further encouraged in a practical way by wise feeding of the land with the guano that abounded on their coast.

Paragraph 5.—Parents are required to observe carefully their children's aptitudes and inclinations, so that the boy may only be trained in a calling where he is likely to do good work, even though it may seem desirable that, wherever possible, the son should succeed to his father's occupation.

Certainly an excellent regulation for the increase of efficiency.

Paragraph 6.—Barns are to be built in every province and filled to such an extent with the surplus of every field that there may be provision ready for years of bad harvests, war or misfortune. No one—not even the Inca himself—may use these stores for any other purpose.

Paragraph 7.—With the same object in view, herds of cattle are to be kept so that there may always be a supply of suitable beasts for the needs of the community and especially for the sick.

Two excellent laws!

Paragraph 8.—The cultivated lands are to be divided fairly and justly, and should any alteration be necessary, as, for example, in war-time, the original fair division is to be restored as quickly as possible.

Paragraph 9 deals with clothing regulations and forbids the citizens to wear the style of dress reserved for the Inca's use.

Paragraph 10 exhorts to moderation in eating and drinking—especially the latter—and those guilty of continued intemperance are threatened with exile and penal servitude in the mines.

Paragraphs 11 *to* 23 deal with the punishment of crime. Murder was under every circumstance punish-

able by death; to put a check to the infanticide so prevalent amongst the savage Indian tribes the death penalty was intensified by stoning and casting down from a rock. Murderers of wife or husband were quartered.

Any husband surprising his wife in unfaithfulness and killing either of the guilty parties was banished for a year, but adultery, rape, fornication, incest and procuration were all punishable by death.

The punishment of theft is very interesting. If the culprit had been driven to it by want for which he was not to blame, then the punishment fell not on him but on the responsible official who had neglected to look after him in his misfortune. Such a thief was provided with land, clothing, food and all necessaries, supplemented by a warning that he would be put to death if he stole again. But if the trial showed that the value of the property stolen exceeded an *anana*, that the theft was caused not by poverty but by a dishonest disposition and that the thief was an idler, then his penalty was death.

Paragraph 24, to conclude with, enacted that there should be in every place a "*michic*" (judge), who should keep rogues and idlers to their work and impose penalties upon them.

This, then, was the code of the Indian, Manco Capac, in which he made provision for support in old age, census of population, and food reserves for time of need. We may certainly venture to assert that **at this period of the twelfth century no other country in the known world had such a lawgiver.**

Let us now return to our tillers of the soil. All

land, every property, every fruit of the earth belonged to the Inca, that is, then, to the state. It was only the wild fruit-trees and the salt-beds that were at everyone's disposal, but even these must not be destroyed.

Public services were compulsory for all except the Inca's family and newly-married couples, who were granted a year of undisturbed honeymoon. Even those of high rank and superior officials were expected to send their children for some years of service at the Court. In spring time the *amautas*, charged with measuring the land, appeared with their measuring lines to fulfil their office. In cultivation and harvesting all was divided into three equal portions: the first for the Sun-God, the second for the Inca and the third for the people.

That seems hard! As though the imperial house and the priestly caste laid claim to two-thirds of the produce for themselves. In reality, however, the temple and the imperial house were the great treasuries for hard times.

If any community was in need, what was more natural than that the benevolent deity should open his granaries? If these did not suffice, recourse was had to the imperial store, which also provided all necessaries for the state-officials, the permanent fighting-strength and the post-runners.

The craftsmen and workers in the mines, too, had to get clothing and corn for bread.

Yet everyone, who was expected to cultivate the land, only got such a portion of ground as he was able to work with ease. Since the father of numerous

children naturally finished his allotted work more quickly than a man with none, this case had also been foreseen, and the first father had to let his children go to his neighbour's help.

The allotments were not simply measured as to equality in area, but great care was taken that each worker should receive the same amount of fruitful land, and that there should be assigned to everyone a piece free of all rates and dues for the use of his own household. The amount of work required, moreover, was so apportioned that all had enough free time for themselves and sufficient rest-periods were provided between the work. **Nor was anyone allowed to curry favour with his overseer by doing more work on the land than was his allotted task.**

After the imperial and state-officials had been provided for from the royal barns and provision made for the priests and necessary distribution had taken place in cases of bad harvests or misfortune from the temple storehouses, any surplus left when the new stores were brought in was divided amongst the poor.

But the population was large and a great part of the country lay in a rainless zone. Hence means must be found for easy transport from the more fruitful regions to those less favoured, and also it was requisite for the military transport to be able to cross the country in the quickest manner possible.

So the Incas worked a new miracle, and intersected the whole country, even from the coast region near Lima towards Chili far south of Lake Titicaca, with a network of truly wonderful roads.

Cieza de Leon, a chronicler who brought out in

Seville his first description of Peru as early as 1553, is full of admiration and frankly confesses that the kings of civilized Spain, even with all the means at their disposal, would never find it possible to make such roads. Even if we might be inclined to think this the possible exaggeration of a contemporary who, shortly after the fall of the Inca realm, had traversed it in all directions, we find his truth vindicated, not only by the fact that Alexander von Humboldt personally explored these roads now in ruins, thanks to European civilization, but that also now, after nearly five hundred years of civilized neglect, the traces of these gigantic undertakings can still be seen by the present-day traveller.

They were no short roads, but great highways extending for six or seven thousand miles and connected by a whole network of cross-roads.

What labour and skill had gone to the making of these roads! They extended in an absolutely straight line from the sandy wastes of the coast up the most precipitous heights amongst the Andes, broke through rocky barriers where the makers had to split the stone —since they were ignorant of the use of blasting materials—by means of fire or axes of stone or bronze only, for iron was not known to the Inca people; with such tools they also cut galleries in the rock, buttressed crumbling mountain sides with gigantic walls of hewn stone and made firm roads across treacherous swamps.

There was only one thing they could not manage, nor did they attach much importance to it—and that was the making of bridges They did not build arches,

but were content with unsteady bridges suspended on ropes fastened high upon the water's edge.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and since the Inca people had no horses, their loads were carried not in carts but on the backs of the tame, clever llamas, and hanging bridges were quite sufficient for them and for foot passengers.

Yet throughout their entire length the roads were paved with hard flagstones wherever they did not pass over rock that had been levelled and smoothed, and the state-labourers, charged with the maintenance of the road, had to see that no inquisitive blade of grass was allowed to show itself between these paving-stones.

Whenever these roads—nine to eleven yards wide—passed through land under cultivation, clay walls were built on either side to keep everyone from the fields. Along the edges of precipices protection was afforded by massive, breast-high stone parapets, and, wherever steep heights had to be crossed, the road was converted into a broad, easy stairway with wide low steps and every now and again level terraces to act as resting-places.

Moreover, these roads were all planted—generally with orchard-trees—so that there was shade in hot districts and opportunity for travellers to enjoy refreshing fruits.

At intervals of two to three miles tiny houses were put up for the post-couriers, and at longer intervals the so-called "*tumbas*" or buildings where the traveller found shelter and food from the Inca's storehouses.

It is true the travellers were mostly state-officials on tours of inspection or *amautas* on their way to

superintend some new building, or, now and again, a prince with his suite who was continuing his education by a journey across the kingdom with a view to making acquaintance with every part, and sometimes even the Inca himself.

There were no tourists in Tahuantinsuyu, for, as we have already seen, every inhabitant was strictly forbidden—except when expressly ordered by the state—to leave his place of residence even to go to the next village.

Along these roads, then, came the learned *amautas* to get the land prepared for agriculture, since the naturally fertile plains were not nearly sufficient for the country's needs.

So a mighty system of aqueducts was instituted to utilize the water of the few perennial rivers that, in their deep beds, tore down the shortest way to the sea. Amongst these aqueducts there were some, several hundred miles long, whose ruined remains still do their work even to the present day.

Here again we must picture the difficulties of a nation, ignorant of electricity and steam-engines as well as of dynamite and iron, who yet, high amongst the Andes, made great reservoirs where the water was collected and let out slowly; who carried it, where necessary, in stone channels across giddy abysses, who bored tunnels through the very mountains themselves; and again, where the land required it, constructed canals, some of them many miles in length. The stone-work of these canals was built without mortar, the stones being so exactly fitted that there was not a point in any of the seams where a drop of water could find an exit.

Wherever these water-channels passed cultivated fields, locks and outlets were provided, and everyone had to be on the spot punctually at fixed hours or days when, in accordance with exact regulations, the government officials opened the sluices to let the fields drink their fill of the life-giving stream.

Nor was that considered enough. Only a very small portion of the ground was level, most of it being in precipitous slopes, which had to be made fit for cultivation. As soon as a *curaca* recognized that there was no longer sufficient arable land in his district, *amautas*, skilled in building, appeared, and at their advent stone blocks were built into walls and the whole slope divided up into terraces, each of which had its own system of irrigation and its portion of good soil, which sometimes had to be brought from a long distance. Often, too, clay walls were built up to protect the newly made arable land from sand-storms.

The Inca people had, moreover, an extensive knowledge of the value of different manures, and instruction was given in this branch by the *amautas*. Not only was full use made of the ordinary house-refuse, but another special fertilizer was the guano from the sea-birds on long stretches of the coast. In order not to exhaust the supply, special regulations were very wisely made, **prohibiting the shooting of the birds, or any approach to their nesting-places at breeding time, and strictly controlling the removal of this valuable material.**

What a striking contrast to the reckless way in which "civilized" nations love to destroy their sources of gain, as, for example, the extermination of buffaloes in America, the senseless shooting down of the African

elephant, the waste and extravagance of destroying whole forests of valuable timber, as is done even at the present day, by burning them down to no other purpose than to get a few more square miles of arable land.

The land in Tahuantinsuyu, after such preparation, was sown in the same careful way as the rice-fields in China and Japan, and it is even said that a fish's head was buried beside each grain of maize to provide it with its own special manure.

But, now, how was it possible for them to achieve these tremendous pieces of work, these roads, terraces and irrigation systems ?

Well, only through the system of an equal division of compulsory state-labour, which, however, was so justly imposed that no one felt it as an overwhelming burden, especially as the workers were meantime fed and clothed from the national stores.

It is true the agricultural implements were very primitive. There were not even, as a rule, spades to take the place of the plough—an implement not used owing to the total absence of all draught animals, cattle no less than horses—but only wooden stakes which were driven into the ground to loosen it and rakes with which the sods were broken down. To compensate for this deficiency, however, the system of irrigation made it possible to keep the fields under water for some time before working them.

Thus, then, bananas and maize, red pepper, beans of different kinds, the coca-tree, tuberiferous plants and, at a later date, potatoes as well, were grown, and again we find definite officials with specially trained knowledge

of particular kinds of plants superintending their cultivation, afterwards taking the harvest and giving to the growers due praise or blame or even punishment for any proof of carelessness in cultivation.

Another important point is the position of the women with regard to man's work. Even if we judge a nation's degree of civilization by the occupations of the women, the Inca people stand at a high level and differ entirely from what we find elsewhere amongst uncultivated races. Not only amongst American Indians but amongst all so-called savages, whether in America, Asia or Australia, the chief burden of work rests on the shoulders of the woman, whilst the man is either occupied with hunting or fighting or idly lying on a bear-skin. Not so with the Inca people. The men undertook all the heavy work and the women only helped at seed-time or, above all, at harvest, just as is customary in our own country at such seasons of land-work. Not that the woman was idle in consequence. In addition to looking after her home, she undertook the making of shoes and sandals, spinning and elaborate weaving. Professional shoemakers and tailors were non-existent, but with the agave and cactus thorns for eyeless needles, to which their thread had to be tied, the women not only managed to sew their own and the men's clothes, as we can still see in our museums, but to darn the artistic and bright patterns of flowers and animals woven into their homespuns with such care that the rent was barely perceptible.

In some European countries in the much-vaunted "good old days," the women always carried about their inevitable knitting, and even now many ladies

take their needlework with them when they go out for a frendly cup of tea. And so did the ladies of Tahuantinsuyu! In the streets they always carried distaff and spindle and spun their thread as they walked. If they went to drink a cup of coca with a neighbour, particularly if one of lower rank—and class distinctions were sharply drawn—visited a superior, it was considered a special mark of honour if the hostess gave her own embroidery to the visitor and allowed her to go on with it during her visit.

In other respects, too, the life of the woman was purely domestic, and, as we have gathered from the severe punishments meted out to any transgression of the marital relations, it was free from all immorality.

No "*pampayruna*" (immoral woman) was allowed under any circumstances to live within the bounds of any town, and if a respectable wife was discovered so much as speaking to such a person she herself would be put under the same ban, have her head publicly shaven, whilst her husband had the right to divorce her.

The men of Tahuantinsuyu, however, were by no means all of them only workers on the land. As is requisite in a country without either imports or exports, there were many skilled craftsmen who had dispensation from land-labour and who were expected to give a certain amount of their work in return for maintenance from the public stores.

If we are to get a true idea of these craftsmen who were especially capable in artistic production, that is, in the working of precious metals, we must now glance at the mining industry of the country.

Tahuantinsuyu was rich in ores. From the rivers

the natives washed the gold that the Inca piled up in Cuzco and in the Sun-Temples, whilst silver, lead, tin, quicksilver and cinnabar, which was used to make rouge, were all obtained as a rule in open workings.

Shafts were sunk under the vein of ore, filled with wood and kindled to get metal sheets or the metal was hewn out with bronze picks. The copper, which they knew how to produce and which, according to Humboldt's investigations, contained 94 per cent. copper and 6 per cent. tin, was of such excellent quality that it was nearly as hard as steel and eminently adapted for making tools. Alexander von Humboldt again bears testimony to their skill in the use of these tools even as sculptors, for he found a granite statue with a ring that rotated through the lips and yet head and ring were chiselled out of the same block of stone !

The hardest labour in the mines was performed by criminals condemned to penal servitude there, and for the rest the state chose married men, who went with their wives for three months at a time to the mines high in the mountains, where they worked with frequent days of rest, whilst their wives cooked for them and looked after their comforts.

During these three months they were fed from the national storehouses and provided with warm clothing, whilst their land at home was also cultivated for them by state-aid. So these men were quite pleased to go to this work, which gave them too a little change. The government kept no less careful an eye on hunting and the protection of game of all kinds.

Tahuantinsuyu was not rich in animals ; as we have seen, there was a total lack of cattle, horses and similar

animals. Pumas, jaguars, wild cats and bears were certainly to be found amongst the mountains, but not in very great numbers. The chief wild animals were stags, and in addition the "*huanacos*"—a strange cross between a camel and a sheep—the llama proper and the vicuna, particularly prized for its excellent fleece. There were strict game laws, and all hunting was strictly prohibited for the ordinary citizen, for fear lest it should reawaken too strongly the old love of the chase, innate in every Indian, and thus keep him from his proper work.

The Inca himself indulged in extensive hunting expeditions, which, however, never took place in the close times so strictly observed for all game and only once every four years in the same neighbourhood, since the vicuna's fleece requires four years to attain its full beauty.

With the exception of beasts of prey, whose skins were needed for military dress, nothing was killed in these hunting expeditions but serpents and as many animals as were needed for the imperial table and the old, worn-out llamas and hinds for the general public. The other animals were only driven into pens and counted before being set free again after their exact numbers had been carefully recorded on the *quipus*.

As soon as the Inca—or the vice-king as his representative—had finished his hunting expedition in a province, the work was taken up by trained huntsmen, whose duty it was to shoot down in the general interests a number of animals fixed upon previously, and then to catch the wild vicunas and shear them before they let them go free again, so that their wool might be

handed over to skilled weavers and to the maidens of the Sun-convents to be used for the Inca's apparel. Bats, too, were used for the same purpose.

The fishing off the coasts and in the rivers was free to everyone, although, even from this, there was a certain payment in kind for the Court and for the national stores to be made to officials, specially competent to judge of such matters.

These government officials received on their side, as payment, a certain portion of the fish, with the right to exchange this, if they so desired, for other food. Thus the fishing carried on by simple hooks and harpoons provided a little change in the usual vegetarian fare of the *hatunrunas*.

Of course a much larger quantity of fish was caught along the shore where, at certain times, enormous numbers of a kind of sardine were driven like our shoals of herring to the coasts.

The inhabitants of Tahuantinsuyu were neither a trading nor seafaring folk, so that ship-building was of no account amongst them, and they carried on their coast fishing in strange craft still used by the present-day Peruvians, and described as follows by Squier in his account of the shoals of sardines.

"We found ourselves surrounded by a swarm of Indians, sitting in probably the strangest vessels the world has ever seen. They are called '*cabalikos*,' or 'little horses,' and consist of one or more bundles of rushes or reeds tied together like sheaves of wheat, only more tightly, from end to end, thus forming a raft about eighteen or twenty feet long. The sharper end is bent upwards like a swan's neck. These craft float

exceedingly well and when not in use are set up on end to dry. As a rule they consist of two bundles of reeds fastened together, in which case the boatman sits astride in the middle and propels his vessel by means of a double oar with which he strikes the water alternately on the right and left side. . . .

"We sailed through an almost solid mass of small fish that were called sardines all along the coast. They were evidently driven towards the land by great, devouring enemies in the sea, for the occasional beating of their destroyers' tails testified plainly enough to the insatiable nature of their appetite. The little victims crowded so closely together that their noses, peeping above the surface of the water, gave the ocean the appearance of a shining coat of mail. We could get them out by thousands in the hollow of our hands. A great number had perished in the crush and floated about dead in the struggling mass. They filled the sea within a circuit of more than a mile along the coast, where hundreds of women and children caught up the tiny fish with hats, brooms and the front of their skirts and tipped them out in heaps upon the sand."

No doubt the haul was much the same in the days of the Incas, when they ate the fish either fresh, salted or dried, and used the heads as we have already recounted as food for the growing maize.

The catching of larger fish was a different and more dangerous matter when the fisherman rode out to sea on his "sea-horse" of reed-bundles, armed with a bronze harpoon on a long cord.

As soon as he saw his prey, he cast his harpoon with

great accuracy of aim, played out his line and then waited until the fish had finished its death struggles. This certainly called for courage and skill, and somewhat recalls to our minds the Esquimaux *cajacs*, although these are incomparably more seaworthy vessels.

The wounded fish made the frail bundles of straw dance on the water as if in a storm, and when we take into account as well the wild surf of the Peruvian coast, the rider certainly gave proof of his calm intrepidity when he managed to keep his balance on the bundle of straw in the wild measure as set by the dying fish and did not seek a headlong death in the foaming surf, above which vultures were already hovering, ready to tear the dead to pieces and eat their flesh.

We find here additional confirmation of the fact that the dwellers of Tahuantinsuyu were not seafarers, for they certainly could not have ventured out any further seawards on their straw rafts.

They built, in addition to these, only clumsy boats for use on the river estuaries. Roving into unknown regions or venturing on over-sea voyages had no attractions for a nation so closely bound by home ties that they did not venture to make an excursion to the next village without government permission. And why should it ? Their policy was a civilization from within, not intercourse with foreign lands which could not be at once and completely absorbed into their own realm and were therefore a possible source of danger.

It is from this point of view that we must also consider the enlargement of their kingdom and their system of colonization.

Under the rule of the Incas, thanks to the strict public

health regulations, constant work, abolition of want in any form and, above all, freedom from the petty wars that, in earlier times, had exterminated different tribes, the death-rate fell very considerably, whilst the birth-rate increased, and also there was a steady decrease in infant mortality as a result of the severe penalties imposed for infanticide and of the more hygienic conditions of living, so that, from time to time, the borders of the land grew too narrow and necessity arose to enlarge the kingdom by the addition of one of the less thickly populated neighbouring districts. Moreover, they were surrounded in many parts by savage cannibal tribes who could not be looked upon as desirable neighbours.

At such times, then, the Sun-God, by his high priest the *Villjac Vmu*, used to announce to the Inca that it was the Divine Will that the illustrious Inca should bestow upon such or such a neighbouring people the blessings of civilization and take it into union with Tahuantinsuyu.

An Inca never waged war against an unwarned enemy. To begin with, ambassadors richly laden with gifts were sent over many times to explain to the neighbouring state how much better it would be for them to bow to the Inca's mild rule, and it was only after the failure of these embassies that war was declared and mobilization took place at a time when neither seed-time nor harvest was imminent.

We will speak later on of the calling-up of the troops and the conduct of the war as a whole, and now turn our attention to the way in which the victorious Inca —for victorious he always was, could not indeed fail

to be with his superior weapons and tactical skill—treated those whom he conquered.

A number of their fighting men were taken, not as prisoners but almost more as visitors, to Cuzco to witness the Inca's triumphal procession on his return to the capital. As soon as the victory had been won, the other prisoners received not only their liberty but all their personal belongings as well, whilst even the most trivial looting was forbidden under pain of severest penalties to every Inca soldier.

"How could you rob those who will soon be your brothers?"

The Inca did not wish either to have in his new territory unwilling subjects or suppressed enemies, but instead affectionate sons of the empire.

Even whilst the war was in progress the storehouses on the frontier were more than usually well filled, and, hostilities once over, mighty loads were taken over into the new province.

First of all, the naked subjects were provided with the usual, cleanly, national dress and, simultaneously with this, abundant provisions were distributed in those districts that had been the greatest sufferers from the war and its inevitable devastation. At the same time *amautas* flocked into the district close on the heels of the soldiers, to instruct the new brothers in the arts of agriculture and to teach the women feminine occupations.

Architects also plotted out roads, chose suitable sites for villages, started an irrigation system, decided on the size and distribution of the fields, whilst state-officials travelled through the country, making a census

of the people, counting and noting in their *quipus* animals, trees, rivers, lakes, springs, mineral wealth, salt-beds, observing what kinds of fruit would succeed best there and gently but firmly bringing the savage inhabitants into a state of civilization by continually endeavouring to let the new citizens themselves realize the improvement in their condition.

Then, when their chiefs, headmen and warriors, overpowered with the wonders and the splendid feasts in Cuzco, laden with rich presents, and each as far as possible reinstated in his office and dignity, returned home after an absence of several months—for an effort was made to keep them as long as that—they could scarcely believe their own eyes.

The naked savages who had lived in wretched tree-huts were now housed in practical little cottages built of adobe bricks surrounded by newly planted fields, already giving promise of their first harvest, whilst thousands of busy hands under the *amautas'* expert guidance were throwing up terraces, making water-channels, levelling roads, and the spectres of bad harvests, famine, want had disappeared.

Conquest by force—yes, but force that, at once, brought about good results for the conquered.

The Incas were, too, equally skilful in the conversion of the new provinces to the worship of the Sun-God.

It is true they at once put up Sun-God temples for that milder form of worship which almost entirely dispensed with any human sacrifice, but—contrary to the custom of Christian fanatics—the images of the old gods were not pulled down, destroyed and burnt, but treated as a kind of subordinate gods to Inti and

carried with all honour to Cuzco, where they were with due solemnity buried, so to speak, in a " Temple of the Ancient Gods."

Each tribe retained but one thing—their distinctive headwear, and thus it was possible to tell at once from their hats from what district each had originally come.

The Inca had another method of dealing with difficult tribes who had hitherto shown special enmity and who were possibly dangerous cannibals such as lived in many of the frontier districts. He transferred a considerable part of the whole tribe into the midst of the Inca kingdom, but not with any cruelty, for families were never torn asunder and inhabitants thus transferred were settled in districts resembling, as far as possible in climate and soil, those which they had to leave.

In these new homes they were put on an equal footing with the other inhabitants of the district, and, as a natural consequence, their entire amalgamation was very soon complete. Ten or twelve thousand families from Tahuantinsuyu took their vacant places in the new provinces, where they acted, to a certain extent, as overseers.

This move out of the homeland, too, was effected in such a way as to give pleasure to those concerned. They received permission to wear superior clothes, had larger and better portions of land assigned to them for their own use—a concession easily made in the more sparsely populated land—were absolved from taxes and tithes for some years, and were persuaded that their transference was a special mark of the Inca's confidence.

The lower officials, especially the *tshunçacamayocs*,

were chosen from their ranks; they were the teachers of trades and handicrafts, and, above all, they acted as stimulating examples to others by their contentment and sense of gratitude to the Inca.

The monarch himself used to make frequent journeys through the conquered provinces to give audience to all needing help and to win popularity.

In this way, then, a few years sufficed in most cases to transform the new district into a contented province in complete harmony with the rest of the realm whose inhabitants were quite aware that they were better off under Inca rule than before, so that it was no unusual occurrence for other more distant neighbours to come of their own accord and beg to be taken under the Inca dominion.

Even the Spaniards as they penetrated as conquerors into regions beyond the Inca rule said: **"If the Incas had got as far as this, how different everything would look."**

And Cieza de Leon concedes as follows:

"We cannot but deeply regret that we Christians can do nothing but devastate, whilst the Incas, whom we look upon as savage heretics, were able to institute such good order in their realm and to maintain such wise government. For wherever Spanish Christians entered as conquerors or discoverers, they turned a prosperous land into a desert, until it looked as if it had been seared by the flames of a consuming fire."

We shall see later what became of the prosperous land under Spanish-Christian colonization, but now, as the conclusion of this section, we will consider the usual course of life of the *hatunrunas*, the ordinary

citizens of the Inca kingdom, and what measure of content and happiness was felt by the members of this socialistic state.

We will endeavour as far as possible to draw a true picture of their family life.

We have already spoken of the child's birth and earliest years in connection with the education of the Crown Prince.

The dwelling-houses of the *hatunrunas* were of the simplest type, small buildings of adobe bricks—those bricks of compressed clay and mud that are still a favourite building material in South and Central America. They were thatched with straw and the interior was only very occasionally divided into two rooms by a partition wall; since they had no windows, their only source of light was the doorway. Such was the *hatunruna's* home, but even so he was much better off than in his former home of palm leaves.

A couple of rough wooden chairs, a table, a clay fireplace with some cooking-pots, a heap of leaves for a bed, and sometimes a hammock as well, was the sum total of his furniture. But everything was clean, for the stern *tshuncacamayoc* saw to that in the interests of public health.

As to meals, both gentle and simple took but two a day, one early in the forenoon, the other just at sundown.

Even if the *hatunruna's* table was not spread with the superabundance to be found in wealthy houses in Cuzco or in the princely dwellings of provincial governors, at any rate he never went hungry. Maize was the people's staple food, and although the "*tanta*" (every-

day bread) was made from meal, coarsely ground on stones, the women were skilful in sifting the meal through woollen bags and using this finer flour to prepare the more delicate holiday bread called "*huminta*." For the Inca himself, the virgins of the Sun-convent learnt how to make the light white "*zanku*" which graced his table in the shape of crisp new loaves.

A popular beverage was "*tshitsha*," an intoxicating drink made from maize, a better quality of which was to be found in "*sora*." They were also very fond of chewing the stimulating leaves of the coca-tree, highly valued by us too as the source of cocaine, so largely used in medicine—although, be it said, this pleasure was supposed to be an exclusive privilege of the Inca's.

They all ate with spoons which, on the *hatunruna's* table, were made from coconut shells, whilst his betters used those of gold or bronze and table-napkins as well.

The *hatunruna* was, it must be confessed, by no means averse to a little alcoholic comfort; hence the strict laws against drunkenness, although a lenient eye was cast upon any little over-indulgence in the old gentleman who was already enjoying his state-pension. There were, too, frequent feasts for all, since the Inca knew very well that nothing helps on work so much as frequent holidays to break the monotony of the week. Consequently superior officials were expected on certain days to invite their subordinates to a festive meal, just as the *tshuncacamayoc* did for his families. This common meal did more than anything to strengthen the feeling of fellowship and took the sting out of much that might seem hard.

Such feasts provided, too, opportunities for dancing, in which, however, none but the men ever took part; indeed every district had its special dance—consisting generally more or less of elaborate rhythmical singing movements—and was expected to practise this dance and to perform it on those occasions when the Inca paid a visit to the province. On especially important feast-times in Cuzco the best dancers from all parts of the realm were summoned by royal request to the capital to take part in a kind of dancing competition. The women were always pleased to act as spectators at these dances.

About the age of three and twenty, before they had attained full adult responsibility as regarded national labour, the young men were expected to marry. In many cases they did so from choice, the bridegroom paying his father-in-law a price for his bride in accordance with his means, a few jars of *tshitsha* or a couple of llamas. But if the young man could not bring the matter to a successful issue by his own unaided efforts, either because of the father-in-law's obduracy, his own bashfulness or because he was too confirmed in bachelor ways to find a wife to his taste, the *curaca* stepped in and collected on a certain day—as described by Fray Christobal de Castro—all the marriageable young people to see, no doubt with due regard to any feeling of mutual affinity, that the couples were married to order.

Marriage and the blessing of legitimate children was part of the Inca's scheme of government, even if only as the best guarantee of public morality.

It was only the Inca who had concubines—as the

consequence of his *ex-officio* marriage with his sister—and also the royal princes.

Here, too, we must diverge to treat in more detail an institution of which we have already made passing mention—the "*Aclliahuazi*" or Convent of the Virgins of the Sun-God.

Every year a number of young girls who gave promise of exceptional beauty were chosen throughout the land by officials appointed for this purpose, to become members of the Sun-convent. They were as a rule chosen in earliest childhood as a guarantee of unsullied purity, but, occasionally, older girls were also selected if specially beautiful and with a spotless reputation.

The convent of the *Acllias* in Cuzco rivalled in splendour the Inca's palace. Three thousand chosen maidens were assembled there under the superintendence of a royal princess acting as a kind of abbess, and, guarded by eunuchs, received the most careful training and education in preparation for their future vocation.

They had to pass several tests before they were accepted as *acllias*, but then they received economic independence from the state, each her own special woman attendant, the "*china.*" Their heads were then shaven and, clothed in a dark dress and veil, they again served a novitiate in which they received instruction from the older women, the "*mamacunas*" in spinning and weaving the Inca's costly garments, in preparing food for the royal table, and in many other arts. They were then, at last, considered worthy to don the white robe and golden wreath of a "*gorinhuintsha.*"

Those who were especially honoured devoted them-

selves to the service of the temples of the Sun-God and of the Moon-Goddess Quilla, whilst the others attended to the Inca's wants and at the great festivals tasted and presented the golden dishes to him with their own hands.

Such a virgin's person was sacred, and when carried in her litter through the city was shown the reverence given to priests. The most agonizing death awaited any who should molest a Sun-Virgin, whilst any *acllia* who left the path of virtue was walled up alive. No man was permitted to enter the convent, even the Inca himself only once in his lifetime.

The seduction of a Sun-Virgin is the tragic theme of the Inca drama "*Ollanta*," which is still extant and which we will consider later on.

Yet the convent was not an eternal prison. The highly esteemed concubines of the royal house were chosen from among the Sun-Virgins, and many a one left the convent life to become the wife of a prince, to whom she was given by the Inca himself as a mark of special honour.

But now let us return to the *hatunruna's* marriage. This was, as we have seen, concluded by the *curaca*, i.e. then, by a superior, acting in his capacity of state-official, and the union was noted in the state *quipus*.

It was now incumbent upon all the other inhabitants of the village to build the newly-married couple a house from materials provided by the state, as were also all necessary articles of furniture.

Happy fathers in Tahuantinsuyu with marriageable daughters whose dowry never gave them a moment's anxious thought!

Before we pass from the marriage to the funeral ceremonies, we will quote an utterance concerning the education of the children which Tupac Yupanqui, the eleventh Inca, is said to have made :

" It is advisable to forbid sons of a working man to occupy themselves with the sciences, for if they do they will, in consequence, become proud and haughty and **be ashamed of their own parents.** They would, moreover, despise their calling, and **men like that can never be of any use to the state.** So the mechanic must stick to his trade and those who are born in the ruling class must learn to order and command."

It is evident that the idea of an open road for the most capable found no acceptance in the kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu. On the contrary, it was feared that every expression of personal force of will, every divergence from the accustomed groove, might prove a danger to the carefully constructed state-mechanism.

The Inca people bestowed special care on the burial of their dead, and even the *hatunruna* made provision in his lifetime that his body should afterwards be thoroughly embalmed and find its last resting-place in some high rocky cave.

Squier found a larger family grave, a kind of earth burial-place,when investigating the ruins of Pachacamac. No fewer than five corpses were found together in this square brick tomb : a man, a woman, a girl of about fourteen and two smaller children.

Possibly they had met with a common death through some accident. The mummies, under an outer covering of sedge, were wrapped up in fine woollen cloths and carefully preserved. Amongst many other things the

woman had a distaff and spindle, the girl's body was in a sitting position on a work-basket of plaited rush that, more or less, cast a light on her whole life ; there were samples of unskilled embroidery which, no doubt, was the work of her early childhood, knitting with dropped stitches and a child's tiny spindle, side by side with specimens of skilful work, accomplished as she began to leave childhood behind ; strips of cloth with gay borders to show her art in weaving, all kinds of ornaments, amongst which the most valuable was a delicate golden butterfly which broke to atoms as Squier touched it.

The hair was disposed round the head in neat plaits over which a white handkerchief was fastened by silver pins, the mummy arm wore a silver bracelet, and between the feet lay the dried body of an Amazon parrot which had probably been the dead girl's pet !

What love had been expended on this tomb ! Even the smaller boy had his sling and his plaything by his side.

Does not this care of their dead bear testimony to the high stage reached by this nation ?

Were the Inca people happy ?

In a certain way, assuredly. They were obedient children under their emperor's kind rule.

They were infinitely better off in many ways than their savage neighbours ; they knew neither want nor hunger and shared in much that was good and beautiful. And yet, in common with all members of any state where communism is carried to such extremes, they lacked one thing, although quite unconsciously, because they had so long forgotten its possession, and **that**

one thing was every kind of personal liberty in act or movement.

We have seen that personal property was unknown amongst them, that they were tied to their birthplace, that they must follow the calling for which their "guardian" considered them suitable, and that they could never get out of their own caste. *Each one was nothing but a wheel in the great, highly finished mechanism of the state-machine, although it is true this great central wheel of government revolved in care for all the citizens of the kingdom.*

No ambition could help them on, no individual ability lift them above their environment. But, in exchange for this, they enjoyed a life free from all want and a calm and peaceful old age.

A state that was both possible and admirable when, as in the case of Tahuantinsuyu, it developed in this way for the benefit of unsophisticated savages. But whether such a state would be possible or is really an ideal to be desired, whether indeed it could ever be realized in our times amongst people who have learnt to think for themselves and wish for more individual scope than to be only a wheel in a great machine that pays them with food and clothing, that indeed is a different question and very much to be doubted.

CHAPTER III

THE INCA PEOPLE AS ARCHITECTS, ARTISTS, PHYSICIANS

LET us for the moment imagine we too are divine ambassadors of the sacred Inti and descend from the Pass of Huillcanota down into the Cuzco valley, for nowhere can we get a better idea of the Incas' architecture and their work as artists and scholars than by mingling in the crowd of visitors at the *Raymi*, the most important festival in the worship of the Sun-God.

It is true we have no golden staff to cast into the ground but, instead, we have horses that will carry us more quickly through the ravine which, in parts, is extraordinarily narrow and wild. We will not follow the Huillcanota valley quite as far as the junction of the Hutanay with the Huillcanota, but cut off the last part by following an old Inca road over the mountain pass.

On our way we pass a mysterious spot, the almost circular lake encircled with rushes, close by the little village of Urcos, probably a very ancient crater with sloping sides sinking in the centre to an incredible depth. In itself the little mountain lake would not

be worthy of note, for many like it are hidden amongst the rocky fastnesses of the Andes, were it not for the secret it holds in its depths.

At the birth of Huascar, the first-born son of Huayna Capac, the last of the great Incas, the happy father had a golden chain made 700 feet long, with which he encircled the whole citadel. When, later on, the Spaniards broke into the kingdom, this chain was sunk into the Lake Urcos where, a veritable Nibelung treasure in Peru, it still awaits its resurrection.

Even in the time of the *conquistadores*, enterprising treasure-seekers sought by means of a shaft driven obliquely from a lower level into the lake to divert its waters, but their hopes were shattered by the hardness of the stone and the attempt was not repeated. There must, moreover, be still many precious gold treasures lying in mountain lakes, swamps and fields under cultivation at an earlier date, at least if we may believe Cieza de Leon, who was told by an Inca descendant that all the gold carried off as Spanish booty was but a drop in the ocean compared with the amount dropped, before their conquest, into lakes and rivers or buried in the ground.

We will now make the acquaintance of Cuzco, the capital, and, in so doing, follow the description given by W. E. Middendorf, who is second to none in his knowledge of Peru.

Above the city towers the rock Saxuahuaman, upon which Inca Yupanqui the Great built the formidable fortress that protects the town, and Saxuahuaman, in its turn, is overshadowed by the mountain Rodadero, whose acquaintance we have still to make.

The oldest part of the town lay at the foot of Saxuahuaman, where, as tradition runs, Manco Capac's house was built on a terrace. This platform, on which stands the little church of San Christobal and which offers an extensive view of the whole town, was called Collcampata, the name it still bears. The houses below Collcampata as far as the principal square of Haucaypata were called Hanan Cuzco, the upper town, whilst the part extending southwards bore the name of Hurin Cuzco, the lower town; the division between the upper and lower town was formed by the military road leading eastward to Antisuyu.

The districts lying on this eastern side were :

1. *Cantut Pata,* the flower terrace, so called from the beautiful, red, carnation-like blossoms of the "*cantut,*" a native plant of the Inca land.

2. *Puma-Curcu,* the lion-house, since this was the site of the cages in which the pumas were kept.

3. *Toco-Cachi,* the salt-bed, east of the Haucaypata square.

4. *Munai-Senka,* the pretty nose, somewhat farther south-east.

5. *Rima-Pampa,* the south-eastern quarter, where there is a square of the same name and where the road from Huillcanota enters the city.

6. *Pumap-Chupan,* the lion's tail, the acute angle formed by the rivers Huatanay and Tullumaye. The Temple was situated in this district.

The districts to the west were in the following order :

1. *Huaca-Punka,* the idols' gate, lying in the valley of the Huatanay along the western foot of Saxuahuaman.

2. *Carmonca,* the shoulder-blade.
3. *Killi-Pata,* the narrow terrace.
4. *Pichu,* the ankle.
5. *Chaquill-chaca,* the seaweed bridge.
6. *Kaya-Gachi,* the district between the Chunchullmayo river and the Huatanay.

These districts lay round the centre of the city, which was built in the form of a triangle with Saxuahuaman for base and the rivers Huatanay and Tullumayo on either side. On the western side, almost in the middle of the town, lay the great Haucaypata Square, where the festivals were held.

All the chief buildings of the city, the royal palaces, the Sun-Temple, the Convent of the Sun-Virgins, as well as most of the dwellings of the nobility—those of royal blood—stood in the triangular Pumap-Chupan, mentioned above.

As we pass through the streets to-day we notice on all sides old walls distinguished from buildings of more recent date by their characteristic method of fitting the stones. If we try to picture these old Inca houses to ourselves we are forced to own that they must have had a gloomy aspect. What blinded the Spaniards' eyes was doubtless the mural decorations in gold and silver and the multitude of household objects made in precious metals, for the houses themselves were massive and low, but one story high, square in shape, with thatched roofs in the form of pyramids.

When the Inca kingdom stood at its zenith, their skill in stone-work continually increased until it reached such a pitch in fitting the edges of the blocks that

in many places it is literally impossible to get even the blade of a knife into the lines of junction. Yet, nevertheless, they were not ignorant of mortar, a binding material of mud or clay, and certain archæologists affirm that this was often mixed with silver alloy, which was, of course, enough to induce the Spaniards, in their greed, to break down entire buildings.

Amongst the buildings of ancient Cuzco the foremost was the Sun-Temple, both on account of the high object for which it existed as well as for the magnificence of its appointments and for the treasures it contained.

The arrangement of the different parts of the temple building seems, in the main, to have been that of an ordinary dwelling on a larger scale. The rooms and halls opened without communication doors on to an inner court, and the chief hall of the Temple was the prototype of the nave of present-day Dominican churches.

The walls of this hall were covered from top to bottom with plates of gold; at the eastern end there was a representation of the sun with solid golden rays encircled with a frame of costly gems, whilst along the side walls were ranged the golden thrones on which sat the mummified bodies of former kings.

Immediately adjoining the Sun-Temple was the Chapel of the Moon-Goddess *Quilla*. The decoration here was of silver; one silver plate was engraved with a human face, the representation of the goddess, and along these walls the mummies of the Incas' royal spouses sat, each upon her silver throne.

Next to this hall was the chapel dedicated to the Morning Star, adjoining this the chapel of Thunder

and Lightning, and lastly the chapel of the Rainbow, that set forth the great Inti, appeased after his wrath in storm and tempest.

All the Temple doors were overlaid with gold or silver, and a strip of gold as thick as a man's finger, twice as broad as his hand and surmounted by a golden cornice, encircled the entire building.

In one of the Temple courts lay the celebrated Golden Garden, the greatest marvel of Cuzco ; indeed, only the great abundance of the stores of gold could have suggested such a dream of fairy-land, with its golden sacred columns, golden figures of animals, silver bushes and trees whose delicate branches trembled in the breeze, heads of maize with silver leaves and stalks bearing golden grain, bearded with the most delicate silver filaments ; on the branches golden birds ; cock-chafers and butterflies with wings of sparkling gems seemed to fly in the air, whilst lizards, serpents, snails and little mammals, all made in gold or silver with eyes of precious stones, crept along the ground. Wonderful, fantastic flowers adorned the beds, and amidst all this artificial magnificence rose the natural beauty of real shrubs kept moist by the water flowing in golden pipes to basins of the same precious metal.

What must the wild, savage chiefs have thought when the victorious Inca allowed them to look into this world of marvels !

Certainly not what occurred to the mind of the civilized Spaniard, who, utterly devoid of any feeling for works of art, had them broken to pieces and melted down for easier transport, so that scarcely any specimens are left of the work of these gold- and silver-smiths.

The temple and the convent of the Sun-Virgins were surrounded by a large number of royal palaces, for every Inca liked to put up a new one for himself, whilst adjoining the palace of the sixth ruler, the learned Inca Roca, were the *Yachaihuazi* (the houses of Science), those extensive buildings occupied by the *amautas*, whose duty it was to preserve, promote and hand on the knowledge acquired by the Inca people.

Further out lay the citizens' houses—simple buildings of adobe bricks—where the different trades were grouped together, another of the many points of similarity with Oriental customs, no less than their monotonous, gloomy outside walls, unbroken by any windows; thus there was a quarter of the weavers, another of the tanners, metal-workers, armourers, potters, or whatever other craftsmen there might be.

Of these houses there is of course little or nothing left, for they were not built of massive blocks of stone but only of bricks, and, in the course of centuries, have given place to fresh buildings.

About 845 feet above the Haucaypata Square rises the Saxuahuaman Rock, still crowned with gigantic ruins of the fortifications that protected the Inca capital.

This fortress represented the work of sixty years and, according to Cieza de Leon, more than twenty thousand men, drawn from all parts of the kingdom, took part in its erection. Even from the highest streets of the city, the road up to the fortress is very steep, in parts even up flights of steps. Once up, there is a wonderful view of Cuzco and the river triangle, surrounded by a panorama of mountain, lies like a map

at our feet. Even on the precipitous face of the rock they built a high smooth wall which put all climbing up out of the question. On the city side there was a massive stone rampart in three tiers one above the other, the lowest tier being thirty-two feet broad and more than three feet in height. Three gates led through these ramparts on to the highest level of the fortress.

The uppermost wall was surmounted by two square and one round tower, the latter supplied with a system of purest spring water, the direction of the pipes being known only by the Inca himself and his confidential servants. This round tower was to serve as a place of refuge for the Inca in times of danger, and the very heart of the solid rock had been pierced to form a labyrinth of underground chambers, casemates and passages. The ground inside the fortress was not flat but a gently rising hill, now overgrown with grass. What an incredible, incomprehensible amount of work was needed for the building of this mighty fortress. Even if the " weary stone " tale told by Garzilazo of a massive block covered with ornamentation which, according to Middendorf, would need more than twenty thousand horses to move it and which was dragged down by ropes from the distant mountains until it was " weary " and came to a full stop, is probably a myth, yet the fact remains that many of the rocks were almost six yards high, three broad and two and a half in thickness ; moreover, they had not been hewn from the chalky Saxuahuaman rock itself, but were of the same substance as the distant mountain peaks, whence they had doubtless been fetched. How was it possible to move these gigantic blocks, to bring them

down from such a distance, and to test their size so often until they were hewn with such exactitude as to form the seamless walls that can still be seen at the present day ?

We know nothing of the technical means invented by the *amautas* to achieve these ends, but they must have been excellent and calculated to the utmost nicety, although not a trace of them has been handed down to us. How was it possible, for instance, to lift a mighty slab of stone and to put it into place as the roof of a dwelling ?

What kind of bottle-jacks did they contrive to draw those stone blocks up the steep boundary wall of the fortress and to fit them together with the most minute exactitude ?

Tradition certainly says that it was no infrequent occurrence for one of the blocks to get loose and crush hundreds of workmen in its fall. Yet the work, as a whole, reached completion and stands to-day before our eyes, stupendous and strong enough to have escaped even the shocks of mighty earthquakes.

There is no doubt that this earthquake peril and also the scarcity of wood in the Inca land with its treeless mountain sides give us the explanation of the plain, solid, stone walls and of the long, low style of the Inca buildings.

On the other side towards the mountains, where the fortress was especially well protected, it was bounded by a trough-like depression, about one hundred and sixty yards broad, between it and the mountain heights. In the time of the Incas this plain was the scene of the great military reviews. In front of the actual chain

of mountains there lies a group of volcanic peaks of a distinctly curious formation. It looks, so Middendorf says, as if a semi-firm, dough-like mass had burst through the chalky mountains, had been pressed through jagged openings so that its surface had remained indented with numberless narrow channels. These channels were used by the young as slides, and hence the name "*Rodaderos*," i.e. "places to roll or slide down." There are many blocks and masses of rock lying in this plain, all differing in shape, but the most interesting is one of conical form rising eighty feet from the surface of the sand, midway between the fortress and the mountains opposite Saxuahuaman, to about the same height as the hill on which the fortification stood. Two rows of broad steps are hewn in the rock and also a stone seat resembling a throne; behind and beside this there are niches, seats and steps cut in the stone.

It was here the Inca came to view the reviews, and a grand sight it must have been when the steps and seats of the *rodadero* were all filled with the mightiest of the realm, whilst the Inca, glorious in his royal apparel, with his head protected by a hat—almost as large as an umbrella—of the brightest plumes, looked down from his gigantic stone throne on to the gay show made by the combatants in their fantastic suits of armour. Every point of vantage in the surrounding rocks and walls was filled by crowds of spectators from Cuzco. Such a parade ground and such a position from which to view the manœuvres have seldom fallen to the lot of any ruler.

But above the city towered the sacred Mount Huano-

cauri, into whose summit Manco Capac's golden staff had disappeared, now the site of a Sun-God sanctuary, and the point from which the youths—the royal heir amongst them—on their testing-day started on their race to Cuzco.

Now that we have gained some kind of mental idea of Cuzco, we will pay it a visit at the time of its highest festival.

Every road is crowded with people flocking from the villages and neighbouring districts to the capital; many a time these peasant folk have to pause to make way for their betters, the viceroys, the *apocones* and *curacas*, going in their costly litters to the royal residence, yet on they press quietly and soberly indeed, yet filled with a solemn feeling of festivity, and all on foot, for riding or driving was unknown amongst them.

The city, too, lay in solemn quiet; no trace of smoke was to be seen from a single house or sacrificial altar, for the three-day fast that preceded the great *Raymi* feast had already begun.

All business is at a standstill; the Emperor is praying in the Sun-God's Temple; no one may break his fast, no husband embrace his wife.

Yet all hands are busy. In the Temple-courts servants are preparing the approaching feast; the sacred virgins of the sun—and there are more than two thousand of them in the *aclliahuazi*—are making the holy feast bread (*zanku*) and whatever else is needed for the imperial table. And in every other house to-day it is the young girls who are at work, for as long as the *Raymi* feast lasts the faithful may only eat food prepared by a pure virgin.

Every house is filled to overflowing with guests, and Cuzco's citizens spend a quiet, busy evening in expectation of the morrow's feast.

This *Raymi* feast was to celebrate the turning-point of the sun's course; it was held in December at the time of greatest heat on the day of the summer solstice.

The *Villjac Vmu* fixed the day with minute exactitude, daily noting the shadow cast by the short sun-column in the temple until it ceased to grow in length and ushered in the day of the *Raymi* feast, the day designated as *Inti-Huatana-Punchau*, for *huatay* means to bind, and this is the day when the sun is bound in his northward journey.

The morning dawns, and before daybreak all the members of the imperial family gather on the Haucaypata Square, whilst the vassals and subordinate princes, present in Cuzco, take their places on the Cusi-pata Square. Barefooted and cowering on the earth, they all await in silence the rising of the sun; and no sooner does the first ray break forth than the Inca rises alone, a golden goblet in either hand, both filled with *tshitsha*. That in his right hand is sacred to the Sun-God, and this he solemnly empties into a golden basin as a liquid oblation which is carried by golden pipes into the temple to the image of the divine Inti.

The goblet in his left hand the Inca first raises to his own lips, then distributes its contents to the nobles who surround him, holding out little golden cups to receive the precious liquid.

Followed by the princes, the Inca proceeds barefoot to the Sun-Temple, where the *Villjac Vmu*, in full

canonicals, awaits him in the open doorway. He enters, the gates are shut, the Inca offers prayer to Inti.

Next, contrary to the custom at other times, the great sacrifice is offered on the vast Haucaypata Square, now surrounded by crowds of citizens. Even the mummies of the dead Incas and of their *Mama Coyas* are to-day carried out of the temple and placed on their golden thrones, all with their royal insignia, on the open square.

Black llama lambs are sacrificed in honour of the deity, and the *Villjac Vmu* steps up to the altar holding up to the sun the concave mirror suspended on a golden chain from his left wrist.

Inti is gracious; His rays light the frail cotton threads placed on the focusing-point, and the sacrificial fire is kindled.

With shouts of joy the nobles press forward, the citizens follow in their turn, whilst the priests are busied in continually blowing up the fire into great flames, for each and all to-day have but the one wish to take away a torch with which to rekindle the fire upon the domestic hearth.

The embers that are left, however, are carried into the temple, and it is the duty of the *acllias*, as faithful vestal virgins, to tend the fire throughout the year until the next *Inti-Huatana-Punchau* once more extinguishes it.

Now, too, the oracle priests arrive to cast the horoscope. Unlike the temple priests, these were chosen from among the former heathen priests, and their duty it was to fill with air the lungs of the animals sacrificed; it was a sign of evil import when such a lung burst prematurely at the *Raymi* feast.

Doubtless there were occasions when not only the *Villjac Vmu* but also the *Itschuri* (the oracle priest) played the part of Providence themselves and arranged the failure of this oracle or that, especially since the *Villjac Vmu* and *Itschuri*, as representatives of different priestly castes and sects, had no particular love for each other.

Once the solemn sacrifice is over, the heavy strain is lifted from the expectant people and all can give full vent to their festive joy.

The Inca to-day dines in the midst of his subjects on the Haucaypata Square. The nobles are his guests, it is true, but even the poorest of his people feast to-day from the imperial storehouse.

The festive board glitters with the gold and silver of the drinking vessels, whilst especially chosen Sun-Virgins bring ever fresh dishes of llama flesh, of roast doves and fowls with vegetables, of white *zanku* bread, sweet fruits and maize, and great jugs of *tshitsha* and *sora*.

But no horrible dish of human flesh, such as was eaten by the Aztecs in Mexico, highly civilized as they were in other respects, for cannibalism is a thing abhorred in the Inca realm.

At last, evening casts its shadows over the festive board, and merriment and feasting is succeeded by dancing, when the men from every district of the kingdom tread their distinctive measures before the Inca.

Nor is the sovereign less pleased to view their contests with wild beasts.

And, last of all—the court theatre! In the realm of

Tahuantinsuyu, of course, there were none but "purveyors to the king," since everyone did his work for the Inca; hence therefore only a *Court Theatre.*

It was rather a strange state of affairs as regarded art amongst the Incas. Very little was done in colour design, although certain temples have by no means unskilful specimens of wall-paintings, depicting figures of gods, men and animals. The buildings, too, plainly show that they must have understood the use of pencil sketches.

Of song there was none. The Peruvians, as a race, have no voices for singing, and it is said that, later on, it was a source of the greatest annoyance to the monks that all their efforts to teach their converts to sing church music ended in complete failure. Yet they were fond of music and had a kind of zither as well as reed-pipes and shell-horns, whilst the imperial court boasted a permanent orchestra, composed, for the most part, of natives of Collia, the province with the greatest musical gifts. There were, too, special court poets (*havazecs*) included in the ranks of the *amautas,* whose office it was to set forth in verse the glory of the Gods and of the Inca. These poems were afterwards recited to a flute accompaniment. These *havazecs* were also, when occasion required, the authors of the plays performed on a wooden stage with a straw roof.

Professional actors were unknown, for the highest in the land—often indeed the Inca's near relatives—acted the different parts, a fact that explains the total absence of those coarse or vulgar scenes that are such a common feature in the Teutonic mystery plays of the Middle Ages, for the acting of such scenes would not have

accorded with the dignity of the royal amateurs. Consequently these actors were held in high honour and received rich rewards from the Inca for their services.

Chief amongst the dramas existing in Quichua language is the *Play of Ollanta—A Father's Severity and a King's Magnanimity*. Tschudi has made a German rendering of it and Middendorf devoted a volume of no short length to its consideration. This investigator certainly differs from Barranka, the first translator, who assigns the origin of the drama, in the form still extant, to the time of the twelfth Inca Huayna Capac. Middendorf, on the other hand, is of the opinion that this form is of later origin. In any case, however, the plot, even if in a somewhat different setting, had been acted no later than during the Inca period.

The main features of the drama as reproduced by Middendorf are somewhat as follows: Inca Pachacutec has a beautiful favourite daughter Cusi Coillur. Ollanta, a brave military leader, is consumed with passionate love of the princess and his passion is returned on her side. But, although her mother, the *Mama Coya* Anahuarqui, knows and approves of their love, Ollanta, who is of lowlier origin, dare not at first confess his passion to the Inca, and when, at last, on his return from a victorious expedition, he does so, he meets with rejection and harsh words. Ollanta is not only hurt but sees mortal peril threatening him, since it cannot be long concealed that Cusi Coillur, a Virgin of the Sun, has followed love's call and given herself to him. He flees to his friend Orko Varanca, and incites the men of Anti to rebellion by proclaiming himself as a rival to the imperial throne.

Pachacutec is furious, and sends out his trusted general Rumi Nahui to punish the rebel, whilst the Princess Cusi Coillur is imprisoned in a subterranean dungeon of the Convent of the Sun, where she gives birth to her child Ima Sumai.

Rumi Nahui is vanquished by Ollanta and barely escapes with his life. The shock kills Pachacutec, and the new Inca, Tupac Yupanqui, succeeds to the throne. Rumi Nahui offers to make another attempt to defeat Ollanta, and visits his camp disguised as a fugitive and complaining of banishment at the Inca's hands. Ollanta receives him cordially, but soon Rumi Nahui seizes the opportunity afforded him by the *Raymi* feast to betray Ollanta and deliver him into the Inca's power.

Ollanta expects death, but the magnanimous young Inca grants him not only life but full pardon as well, even installing him at Cuzco as viceroy during his own absence.

Whilst this is happening, Ima Sumai, now a girl ten years of age, appears before the Inca's throne to beg mercy for her mother in the dungeon where she has passed so many weary years.

The Inca with all his retinue, Ollanta amongst them, proceeds to the convent of the Sun-Virgins, where he recognizes, in the captive, the sister, Cosi Coillur, whom he has believed to be dead, and Ollanta finds again his lost love.

The play ends with the reunion of the lovers.

As already mentioned, even Middendorf, who, in opposition to other scholars, assigns a later date to the play, believes that in this form it is an adaptation

made during the Spanish period of a genuine old Inca drama, so that we may certainly accept it as a very reliable example of the dramatic art of Tahuantinsuyu.

In any case, the plays performed in Cuzco by actors of royal blood were doubtless much like it.

We will now pay a visit to the *amautas'* seat of learning which, as we have already mentioned, was, so to speak, the Inca University, or rather perhaps the academy of science, founded by the sixth monarch, the Inca Roca.

Long before this, of course, there were men who devoted themselves to scientific objects, amongst which we must reckon enlightened agriculture and architecture. Probably Roca did but combine and further develop beginnings already in existence.

No doubt, too, there had been teachers and schools before, for how else could the law have been carried out that every inhabitant of Tahuantinsuyu was to master the Quichua language, unless there had been schools and instructors to teach this language and also to train, at any rate, the very numerous state-officials down to the humblest *tshuncacamayoc* in the knotting of the *quipus*—the national substitute for writing—so that each could interpret the meaning of the bundle of threads ?

Very carefully organized schools must indeed have been necessary to secure the uniformity in the making and deciphering of these *quipus* knots that prevailed throughout the whole of the vast land ; it is indeed a most difficult question as to whether it is easier to learn to read and write or to get so great a mastery of the art of combining woollen threads of varying

colours that in the bundle knotted by the *tshuncaca-mayoc* on the Chili frontier the higher official in Cuzco could see at once how many men had been required for a certain piece of national work, as well as their ages and their trades.

Generally speaking, it is, of course, self-evident that the *amautas'* knowledge did not reach a very high level, since they were entirely out of touch with the experience of other nations and knew, therefore, only what they had found out for and by themselves, so that each piece of knowledge was entirely their own discovery. They had indeed some acquaintance with the course of the stars, although this was, in great measure, nullified by imaginative fancies.

The star Venus was the page of the Sun-God who descended gradually into the ocean to dry up a part of its waters, whilst the new moon was the periodic death of the Moon-Goddess. Yet observation of sun-pillars had taught them how to set up a kind of sun-dial and to fix the summer and winter solstice. Their year, like ours, consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, was divided into twelve months, and the discrepancy in time readjusted every ten years. A thousand years made a great Sun-Year, and ten such Sun-Years a Sun-Cycle.

It is remarkable enough that they were capable of calculating in such long time-periods ; that the eclipses of sun and moon filled them with terror is no matter for surprise in a nation that worshipped both as deities.

Their knowledge of geography naturally did not extend beyond their own country, but was so extensive and exact as regarded it that they had excellent relief-

maps on which were shown in greatest minuteness parishes and roads as well as rivers, mountains and mines. Such a map of Cuzco, drawn in greatest detail, rightly aroused feelings of deepest admiration in the Spaniards!

And yet they had nothing more than a simple measuring line.

Their calculations, too, with the *quipus* were entirely reliable.

They were quite able to carry out calculations up to and even beyond ten thousand; moreover, the different colours signified special words, and their method of arrangement, again, had a particular significance.

It was indeed possible for the Inca to issue long commands by means of his *quipus*.

As a rule the skill of their medical men was limited to a knowledge of the natural healing properties of certain herbs and of emetics, purgatives and sudorifics. Yet the *amautas*, skilled in medicine, occasionally prescribed remarkable remedies; they bathed sick children in urine, wrapped them in compresses of the same, as well as ordering draughts of this wonderful liquid, in which indeed the German quack and universal healer Thurneisser, of the time of the Elector Johann Georg, asserted he could find the source of every human malady.

But if the little invalid's tongue betrayed a digestive upset he had to chew his umbilical cord, which had been dried for this purpose!

On the other hand they possessed in the juice of a certain plant (*Matecllíu*) a wonderful remedy for eye troubles whose value was later attested by the Spaniards.

They never smoked tobacco for enjoyment, but only used it, in the form of snuff, as a cure for headache.

Nature provided them with a remedy for wounds in their Peruvian balm.

Surgery, however, was far in advance of medicine. Not only did they let blood on all possible occasions, but they attempted difficult major operations; skulls that have been found prove beyond doubt that they fully understood trepanning in injuries to the head and the substitution of silver plates in place of the bone removed, these indeed proving that their bulletins were not always: "Operation successful, but the patient unfortunately succumbed."

Yet it must be owned that their skill as healers was one of their weakest sides, if we except their preventive hygiene, the strongest point of which was the obligation laid upon every individual of **absolute cleanliness in dwelling, clothing and person.**

CHAPTER IV

UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE, WARFARE, POSTAL SYSTEM

SPEAKING generally, the kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu was a peace-loving state that certainly never made war for love of fighting. Yet, on the other hand, we have already noted the circumstances that continually forced the Incas to enlarge the borders of their empire. It is, moreover, quite likely that sometimes the desire to increase his kingdom may have had some influence on the ruler and that a son, succeeding a father who had attained fame as a conqueror, would not care to fall short of similar glory. The unvarying success of their arms, moreover, and the fact that they did indeed improve the condition of those they conquered, to a certain degree made it incumbent upon them to spread their benefactions in ever wider circles.

And again, the more their country grew, the more essential it became to keep continual watch in the outlying districts and to maintain fortresses garrisoned with well-trained soldiers.

It follows as a self-evident corollary that a nation with such a well thought-out and efficient internal administration would have a no less excellent military equipment.

We are already acquainted with the fort Saxuahuaman in Cuzco. Having regard to the weapons of that day and the utter absence of all firearms it was, of course, excellent, but from its very position it could not fail to be of less value for the defence of the country than the large number of frontier fortifications, many of whose ruins are still in existence.

They too, without exception, were built in the same massive style of enormous square blocks of stone and on sites chosen with great discernment on commanding hills—quite regardless of the immense amount of labour required, not only to get the building material up such heights but also to keep their necessary equipment permanently up to full war standard.

Squier discovered in Chancayllo a fortress, oval in shape, surrounded by three walls, one inside the other of which the outermost was over eight yards thick, and about nine yards high. The fortress was built on a hill, so that the inside wall was always on higher ground than the outermost one, but the space between the walls was levelled and steps led from one terrace to another. The outside wall had five gates, the middle one two and that inside only one. In the interior of the fortress there were two large round towers, each of which again contained a second central tower, the diameter of the outside tower being about fifty-five yards, whilst the smaller inner tower measured about twenty-seven yards across. These towers commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and adjoining them was a group of square barrack buildings which all seemed, at one time, to have had stucco walls decorated with paintings of military subjects. This explorer

found, too, another fortress close to the coast in the Nepena Valley, on the summit of a mountain 1,300 feet high. This fortress is not oval but semi-octagonal in form, with projecting bastions, is built of gigantic stones fitted with the greatest care, and has this peculiarity, that inside the actual fortress some apparently sacred rocks are enclosed by special walls built in the form of a square. This fortress, with its diminished walls slanting somewhat inwards, was certainly erected as a defence against neighbouring tribes.

Alexander Humboldt, in describing a great rampart wall in Mexico, about 4,330 yards in circumference, mentions that he has found much more extensive and stronger fortifications in the kingdom of the Incas on the Cordilleras, at an elevation about equal to the Peak of Teneriffe.

Thus all the frontiers were protected by such bulwarks as these.

Excellent roads traversed the whole country; we have seen that these were provided with rest-houses at regular intervals and, in addition to these, with great magazines always full of provisions and war stores under a strong guard.

Military service was obligatory for every man of Tahuantinsuyu, and probably from his twenty-fifth year to his fiftieth year. We have already noticed what care was expended on the census, consequently the *curaca* of every district had at any moment a complete record of the " tribal-roll " and knew how many men he could produce in a few days.

Those liable to service—although not allowed to leave their ordinary occupations for any other reason—were

obliged to betake themselves every month to the *curaca's* or *caracuna's* town for some days' military training.

According to Brehm's estimate, the army which the Incas in the later decades could, at any moment, put into the field numbered about three hundred thousand men.

This army naturally consisted of representatives of different provinces, and although the Quichua language was that officially used, not every soldier had complete command of it. Consequently those from each district formed a special division of the national army, keeping their native head-covering and also their own standards.

The nucleus, the guard, so to speak, was the permanent garrison in Cuzco and the Inca's bodyguard; their standard was that of the Emperor—the rainbow.

Every ten men were under a lance-corporal, fifty under a non-commissioned officer, a hundred under a captain, a thousand under a major, five thousand under a colonel, ten thousand had a general at their head and the entire army was under the supreme command of the "*Hatun Apu*," the general field-marshal, who, as a rule, was the Inca's brother or uncle, but sometimes, too, the Crown Prince, although in that case the youthful commander had the help and advice of a number of older and more experienced counsellors.

Those in lower commands were appointed by the superior officers, but the nomination of the latter lay in the Inca's own hands.

Suppose for a moment we are witnesses of an outbreak of war. The Sun-God has commanded the Inca to enlarge his kingdom, to incorporate some new tribe

in it or some plundering neighbours have to be punished.

The Inca summons his generals to Cuzco, where the *Hatun Apu* has a permanent residence, close to the Inca's palace. A council of war puts before the generals the necessity of the expedition.

They naturally agree, for where is the officer who does not gladly go to war, especially when victory is all but assured? This council of war is held in Cuzco on the Haucaypata Square, where a cone-shaped war-stone, set with gold and jewels, is placed in the midst of the council. The *Hatun Apu* gives in broad outlines the plan of campaign, and the generals, with the help of their *quipus*, speedily give the names of those considered bravest amongst their companies, so that the Inca may note these in advance for positions of authority. Now the post begins to work feverishly, and blood-red *quipus* tied with a dark crimson thread from the Inca's frontlet are carried in all haste by the postal-couriers to every district of the kingdom to call the soldiers to arms.

We will take this opportunity to study more closely the postal arrangements in Tahuantinsuyu.

On all the roads, at intervals of about two and half miles, there were little post-houses in which a number of post-runners stood in constant readiness. These couriers were chosen from a mountain tribe renowned for its endurance; their official uniform was especially light in weight and so made as to allow the greatest bodily freedom. They occupied a privileged position, being exempt from payment of tithes whilst others looked after their land at home.

One of the couriers always had to be on the look-out to see whether smoke by day or flame by night was rising from the post-house immediately before theirs, since this was the signal that a runner was on his way. No sooner did the waiting courier see this than he at once ran to meet the one coming and joined him at some little distance before his own post-house. In addition to the *quipus*, there were generally verbal messages to be given, and these post-couriers were implicitly trusted not to divulge these secret messages to any outsider whatever.

As they ran forward the first courier breathlessly gave his message and took the *quipu* from his neck. The second repeated his errand, and as they reached the post-house the newcomer fell on the bed, where he was carefully tended, for he had traversed the two and half miles at a breathless speed, whilst the second runner tore on with the message towards the next post-house, where the same procedure took place.

Here again, as in all else, we see the greatest effort was imposed upon each individual, and yet within certain limits, so that both *quipus* and verbal messages reached the farthest districts with lightning speed.

If each courier had been required to cover a longer distance, he could not have kept up such speed, but, as it was, he could rest after his short but exhausting exertion until the next *quipu* hastened through the land.

As a rule this post was confined to the Inca's messages, and others were only carried under exceptional circumstances. What *quipus* or messages indeed had the private individual or the peasant to send through the country? He himself and his family never left their

home, and if they were required to go to the mines or other national service, they took their relatives with them.

It is true the postal-couriers carried more than letters. If the Inca in Cuzco on the midst of a plateau desired fresh fish from the sea, the courier hastened with his *quipu* to the coast, and the method of transport was so remarkably quick that he might rest assured that the fish would reach Cuzco in prime condition, no matter how hot the sun's rays might be. The couriers, too, took advantage of the cooler night hours, for the service was always equally ready, whatever the time.

But now the war *quipu* was speeding through the realm and smoke and flames were rising not only from the post-houses but on every side from the hill-top beacons that were always kept ready piled and abundantly supplied with fat.

Without a moment's delay the *hatunruna* laid aside his plough or whatever tools he was using. The Inca indeed took care to choose a time when the season of the year did not bring with it work that would brook no postponement. The government works, the mines in the mountains were closed, and in but a few hours after the delivery of the *quipu* all, who were of military age, were streaming in great crowds towards the broad military roads. The storehouses were opened, the district registers, i.e. the bundles of threads, checked the presence of the soldiers, weapons and provisions were distributed and the troop marched off to meet crowds more at the next rest-house.

From mile to mile the procession grew, and larger divisions were formed with exemplary discipline and

order. But, at the same time, there was no less orderly formation of labour battalions whose duty it was to wait on the actual fighting force, to supplement supplies from the stores belonging to Temple and Crown, to repair any damage to the roads and to carry any baggage that might retard the army's progress. Thus the storehouses were always full, provisions always forthcoming, weapons in order, and when, at night, camps were pitched, a good meal was given out, with no lack of *tshitsha*, music played, and the commanders saw that the men's spirits were kept up by games and dancing.

Heavy penalties awaited any overseer whose storehouse was not in perfect readiness, although the supplies were often not needed at all, for the civilians in government service accompanying the army heaped both sides of the high roads with great stacks of fresh provisions. " A soldier must not want for anything " was a maxim amongst the Inca people, who used to encamp themselves in the chief buildings of the halting-places, the *tumbas*, whilst a garrison-town arose around them for the soldiers !

On the other hand, there were very strict regulations for the maintenance of discipline amongst the soldiers. As we have already seen, the high roads, wherever they passed through cultivated lands, were enclosed on either side by earthen walls. Woe to the soldier who trod on a field, who ventured to loot or, as we neatly say, to " requisition " anything !

Certain death was his punishment, whether leader or ordinary soldier. Thus the fighting column, constituted exactly as in modern times, moved slowly on towards

the frontier and there occupied forts and fortified camps.

Then, whilst the military power developed on the frontier like a threatening storm, whilst regiments were formed and provided with final orders, ambassadors began that activity which we have already mentioned, when speaking of colonization.

These ambassadors had a twofold mission, some going to the tribe against whom war was declared, others to the neighbours of this people.

Suggestions of voluntary submission were made to the tribe which was to become part of the Inca kingdom, presents were sent to them and alluring descriptions of life under Inca rule. Such an embassy was dispatched, not only to the chief town or, in the case of an entirely savage tribe, into the chief's wigwam, but throughout the entire land. With wise prevision—for amongst these ambassadors there were—to a certain extent incognito—experienced army leaders and *amautas* as spies, who, whilst another ambassador with all eloquence advocated peaceful submission, made use of their opportunities to give accurate reports in their *quipus* of the number and martial strength of the enemy, of their military tactics, roads, natural impediments and advantages. A certain number of these spies, too, remained in hiding after the ambassadors had gone back, in order to keep the Inca constantly informed as to the enemy's movements.

At the same time, too, other messengers went to the adjoining tribes to exhort and demand. They also brought gifts and endeavoured to show these people how much better it would be for them to have as future

neighbours the orderly Inca people instead of the unruly thieves they had at present, and demanded that they should either make alliance with the Inca or remain entirely neutral, at the same time enforcing their requests by threats of the direst revenge, should they in any way assist the Inca's enemies.

History shows that these threats did not fail of fulfilment, for, whilst the Inca nation at once became kindly rulers of any subject nation and punished most severely any plundering in the conquered territory, they not infrequently acted cruelly to their allies, killed their leaders, murdered their warriors or dragged them into captivity.

For the Inca people were not angels and every war makes soldiers bloodthirsty. The country to be incorporated in their own must be leniently treated, but there was nothing to be said against weakening those that lay farther off. They would have time enough to recover before their turn came and, if they had once felt the Inca strength, they would be all the more disposed, when ambassadors arrived to demand peaceful submission, not to let matters come to a renewal of warfare.

Moreover, the Incas recognized the value of moderation even in conquest and never annexed more territory than they were able to colonize at once in their own way. Thus fighting within the boundaries of the empire was of very rare occurrence and then chiefly with the Tshancas, a savage tribe that never really adopted the Inca outlook as their own.

If the embassy returned with their mission unfulfilled, hostilities began.

The army made a brave show as it marched to battle to the music of the drums, shell-horns, reed-pipes and copper trumpets.

For hand-to-hand combat they had short swords of very hard wood, battle-axes and clubs made of stone or bronze. For attacks from a distance they used bows and arrows, lances of the most diverse construction, pointed generally with fish-bones, flint or bone splinters, but for fighters of higher rank with copper, gold or bronze heads.

The leaders had battle-axes and clubs, often very elaborately notched and spiked ; they also carried round shields as a protection and wore coats of mail, quilted with very thick cotton, eminently fitted to break the force of lance thrust or arrow-point.

The Inca and princes of royal blood wore golden coats of mail decorated with the sun emblem.

The leaders' headgear consisted of wooden helmets carved with animals' heads and decorated with gold and silver, or even wore the actual skulls of jaguars, bears or pumas.

Use too was made of a sling, which was composed of plaited gold wire for the nobles ; by means of this they used to project red-hot stones wrapped in rags saturated with grease.

The swift passage through the air of course at once kindled the rags, so that these stones turned into dangerous, fiery missiles.

Taken as a whole, then, the Inca army presented a very savage, barbaric appearance, and their mode of warfare was that of the most efficient wild Indian tribes. The *amautas*, so skilled in other directions, had

not invented either catapults or any other military engines. But their neighbours with whom they were fighting were even more poorly equipped.

If it should sometimes happen that the first battle ended in defeat, the Inca ruler did not lose heart. He quietly made up his forces again, let them rest in the frontier fortresses, and began once more until victory was his.

The transport of the wounded home again was as excellently organized as was the sending to the front of food and military supplies. As soon as the war was ended, the victorious Inca made a triumphant entry into his capital. Brehm, with the help of old records, describes such a triumphal procession, as held by the second Inca, Sintshi Roca.

All the nobles and chief officials of the realm were invited, whilst extensive preparations were made by the inhabitants of the metropolis. Cuzco was full of life for days beforehand and the streets gay with crowds of spectators that had hastened thither from every outlying district. Each such spectator wore not only his own distinctive headgear but full native costume, and many decorative plumes and characteristic ornaments increased the gaiety of a rainbow-coloured scene. Charming pictures met one's eye on all sides and joy was evident in every beaming face. The report of the Inca's approach reduced all to order; every tribe ranged itself under its leader's standard and in regular procession left the town to receive the descendant of the Sun outside the city gates.

The Inca appeared in his usual solemn dignity. Shouts of joy and beating of drums resounded in his

honour as they escorted him, with all due ceremony, into the city.

The inhabitants who had come to meet their ruler formed the head of the procession ; they were followed by two thousand warriors, their heads adorned with plumes and bearing on breast and back gold and silver vessels or some rare piece of booty. But each division of this advance guard carried moreover strange trophies indeed : six at a time bore aloft a blown-out human form, the bodies of fallen, hostile chiefs, or rather their heads and arms with the remaining skin filled with air, and so arranged by cords and other contrivances that their hands tapped their stomachs and their heads nodded with every movement of their bearers.

Four thousand more warriors, leading in their midst chained and naked prisoners, followed in the train of the first detachment. These carried the hostile chief himself on a litter, to which he was fastened with his arms tied behind his back.

These prisoner-escorts were followed by the conqueror's relatives, in festive garb, all bearing golden weapons and praising the Inca in songs of victory and laudatory verse. Fifteen hundred maidens danced—for to-day this was permitted—in the Inca's train. They, too, wore the most costly raiment, their ankles adorned with tinkling gold and silver bangles, as they carried green branches and scattered flowers in the way.

Immediately after them came the Inca's royal retinue, and to-day it fell to the lot of the most highly placed to have the honour of carrying the Inca, seated in full imperial dress on his golden chair.

Hundreds pressed forward for a share in this work of

honour and continually compelled the eight bearers to resign the place they had won with such difficulty.

On either side, state notabilities carried fans of scarlet ostrich feathers on little golden rods set with emeralds to shade the Inca's face from the burning rays of the sun. The companies of the victorious army brought up the rear as the procession passed through the principal streets on its way to the precincts of the golden temple.

Here the Inca left his raised litter, laid aside his golden sandals and crossed the threshold of Inti's temple barefoot, as did all others to whom entrance was permitted.

A solemn thanksgiving service with sacrifice of llamas and burning of incense followed, and, that over, all betook themselves to the great Haucaypata Square, where the victory rejoicings continued in festivities and banquetings for at least another week.

The chief feature of such triumphs was indeed barbaric pomp, much as it must have been when Dshingiz Chan, the mighty Mongol, celebrated his victories, yet with this difference, that Chan poured out rivers of blood whilst the Inca's chief aim, although he wished his defeated enemies and captives to feel the power of his conquest, was to show them the splendour and riches of his kingdom.

As soon as the triumphal procession was ended, they cut the bonds of the captive chief and of his warriors, and the same enemy who, in the morning, had been dragged about, chained to a litter, in the evening sat in festive raiment—a present from the Inca—at the imperial festive board ; the other captives, too, laden with presents and clothed in new garments, were

allowed to mix with their conquerors and share their festivities.

Long before they returned to their own country they were on the terms of the utmost brotherliness with their conquerors, not only taking part in the general military tournaments but having in dance and feast long since forgotten that they had once been at enmity with their present lords and hosts and had gone to meet them brandishing their battle-axes.

As a consequence, on their return home they carried with them from Cuzco memories of pomp such as they had never seen before, and of invincible power.

Such memories proved of undoubted service in easing the task of the *amautas* and *tshuncacamayocs* who had, meantime, been busy measuring up the land and, after Inca fashion, distributing the inhabitants in family groups.

Thus these martial and triumphal processions, however barbaric they might appear, undoubtedly helped to win over fresh districts to the Inca civilization, until the small tribal settlement in Cuzco grew, by degrees, into a mighty empire extending from the borders of the present-day republics of Ecuador and Columbia southwards to Rio Maule in Chili and from the Pacific Ocean eastward over the Andes.

CHAPTER V

PIZARRO THE CONQUISTADOR

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, the conqueror and destroyer of the Inca realm and, later, Viceroy of Peru, born in 1471 or, according to others, in 1478, at Truxillo, in the Spanish province of Estramadura, was of no very distinguished parentage. His father, it is true, was the Captain Gonzalo Pizarro, but the child was illegitimate, and his mother, Francesca Gonzales, is said to have left him as an infant at a church door, and, according to report, he was nursed by a sow possessed of a kinder heart than could be claimed by his human parents.

At any rate it seems certain that, in his youth, he followed the honest calling of swineherd, having so little education that the future viceroy never mastered the art of reading and writing and in his edicts contented himself with adding to his name, written by his secretary, a few flourishes of the most remarkable nature.

In this point he resembled the Inca, who could not write either, but neither could Pizarro decipher the *quipus'* message, although he grew into a fighter of quite indomitable energy, to whom it was far more

alien to tie knots of any kind than to sever every one with a stroke of his sword.

His life in Spain did not of course satisfy him long, so that about 1509, that is, then, at the age of forty, he made his appearance in North Columbia by the Gulf of Darien. Next he joined the troops of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who in 1513 came down from the mountains that traverse the Isthmus of Darien to take absolute possession in the name of the King of Spain of the Pacific Ocean and the lands along its shore. The small company of adventurers, accompanied too by a number of bloodhounds, had, to begin with, severe conflicts with all kinds of Indian tribes, but succeeded, at last, in reaching the coast.

In full armour, carrying aloft a flag of the Holy Virgin and Child, Balbao waded knee-deep into the water, and with a loud voice took possession of the newly discovered ocean with its shores and islands and offered combat to any minded to dispute his right. Since no voice answered them from the solitudes, they turned with delight to cut crosses in the bark of the forest trees. Balbao remained for several weeks on that coast and acquired from the Indian tribes, partly by barter but mainly by force pure and simple, a great number of articles made of gold, as well as valuable pearls which the natives got from the sea.

Even as early as this reports reached his ears of rich lands lying to the south filled with incredible treasure-stores, where they used a strange animal as beast of burden which from the Indians' clay models Balbao thought might be a camel.

In the following January Balbao returned to the Gulf

of Darien, and immediately sent the account of his discovery, together with a great quantity of gold and pearls, to Spain, in the hope that facilities would be given him there for a great expedition into those distant regions.

As answer there came Don Pedro de Avila, with a fleet of twenty ships. In his capacity of new Governor of Darien he relieved Balbao of his offices as a penalty for some bygone misdoings and let him understand that he might be thankful to remain under Avila's authority as second in command.

Thus his plans were defeated, but the name of Pizarro, who meanwhile had risen from the ranks to the position of leader, in the next few years began to be mentioned in connection with bold, foraging expeditions in the district of the Isthmus of Darien. Later on he moved to the colony of Panama, and nothing more was heard of him for a number of years.

Not until ten years after Balbao's voyage did the acting Governor of Darien, Pasqual de Andagoya, decide to venture on a new expedition to the south, since an Indian tribe, living on the bay of San Miguel in the Chuchama district, had petitioned for help against the oppressions of the inhabitants of Biru. In this word "Biru" our attention is first called to the future Peru.

This expedition, too, had no very decided success, for sharp attacks of fever compelled Andagoya to return, whilst a later voyage of discovery, undertaken by a Spanish planter, was brought to an untimely end by the death of its leader.

In his stead there sailed, in 1519, three bold adventurers: Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, of equally lowly

origin but of greater integrity than cunning Pizarro, and Fernando de Luque, a soldier of fortune, who had been, by turns, school-teacher, priest and free lance.

The Governor willingly gave permission to the explorers but provided no funds, so that Luque had to see to these for himself, whilst Almagro undertook to victual the two small ships and Pizarro tried to find their crews. But this was not so easy as might be imagined, for even if there was no lack of adventurous spirits idling about in the young colony and in the mushroom town of Panama, they were mostly of the calibre that would gladly get all they could of any new wealth, but had not the slightest wish to expose themselves to the perils of such an expedition.

At last, however, Pizarro had managed to scrape together about two hundred men, and straightway sailed in one of the two vessels to the south, whither Almagro and Luque were to follow. This first voyage, however, seemed to be under an unlucky star. To begin with, the weather was unfavourable, tempests raged and compelled the travellers at once to put in opposite the Isle of Pearls and, only after a considerable stay there, did they manage at last to tack across the Gulf of San Miguel. They then sailed farther southward to get as far as the final point of Andagoya's expedition, but they saw no inhabitants either along the coast or at the mouths of the various rivers. The land seemed entirely deserted and they met with nothing but poisonous mists rising from swampy parts and mosquitoes in such numbers as to make any idea of landing out of the question. At last, after a voyage lasting seventy days, and after thirty-four men had

already died of fever, Pizarro with his band of eighty soldiers—exclusive of servants—came to an attractive bay with a good harbour.

It is true impenetrable forests came down to the very water's edge, but yet the neighbourhood struck Pizarro as not unsuitable for a resting-place. In landing he did not foresee the sufferings that awaited him here, so endless that, later, he named the inhospitable spot *Puerto del Hambre*, the port of famine.

A certain number of the crew were sent back under command of Montenegro, the pilot, to the Isle of Pearls to get fresh supplies of food, and Pizarro hoped they would manage the direct voyage there and back in ten or twelve days.

But the sun rose over the ocean seven and forty times before the ship came back and, meanwhile, twenty of the men had literally died of hunger. A few shell-fish and lizards, buds from the palm-trees and acid fruits had been all the scanty fare the others could find, as the primeval forest frustrated every effort to catch ordinary wild animals, and it was Pizarro's iron fortitude alone in taking his full share of every hardship that saved his little band of followers from utter despair.

At last the boat returned with a store of live pigs and maize, and directly they had regained their strength the company—which now indeed consisted of no more than sixty fighting men—vehemently demanded that Pizarro should continue his voyage of discovery.

As soon, then, as everyone was completely restored to health, they sailed along the shore farther southwards and after the lapse of several days came to an Indian village on the coast. Pizarro landed full of joyful

anticipations, only to find deserted huts. The inhabitants, no doubt, had fled at sight of the strange vessel, sailing across the water. But they had left great stores of maize behind and treasures, that gave even greater delight, in the shape of golden drinking vessels. They had indeed found an *El Dorado*.

Even though the inhabitants had fled, the explorers determined to rest in the village, despite the horror they experienced in finding a cooking-pot full of human bones. The land might indeed be an *El Dorado*, but it was one inhabited by cannibals.

Even on the first night as they lay sleeping in fullest confidence on the shore, they were attacked by savages rushing from the woods; five Spaniards fell victims to their spears, and Pizarro himself, with seven severe wounds, was carried in a dangerous condition back to the ship.

Under these circumstances there was nothing else to be done than to return without delay to Panama and there recover from their injuries. But, a few days only before they reached the port, Almagro had started from it with a second ship.

He had better luck than the first company and, like them, first reached—but after a quicker voyage—the "Port of Famine," where he discovered Pizarro's markings on the barks of the trees but no other message. He determined to follow him southwards and discovered the same village which had proved so fatal to those whom he was seeking. Their easy victory had inspired the inhabitants with confidence and they awaited the new arrivals, drawn up in battle order on the shore. But, heedless of their storm of arrows,

Almagro and his followers rushed upon the village, fearing that Pizarro might be held in captivity there.

Almagro, too, received wounds that, later, resulted in the loss of an eye, but he set fire to the village. In spite of his wound, he felt it his duty to follow his partner—of whose return he was entirely ignorant—and after repeatedly attacking and robbing Indian villages along the coast, he reached the estuary of the Rio San Juan, which owes its name to him.

Here he found a pleasant district with clean houses and inhabitants who appeared civilized and peaceably disposed. But he discovered that nothing was known of Pizarro and his men who, he thought, must have gone home, and, since his own diminished company was now too small to be able to venture alone on a further voyage of discovery, Almagro determined to return.

After a favourable homeward voyage the two companions were able to meet and exchange their mutual experiences. Almagro had brought back considerably more gold than Pizarro. They would not allow themselves to be discouraged by their first failure ; indeed it only made this *El Dorado,* which they believed they had actually reached, all the more alluring. Since Pizarro still needed time to recover, Almagro started for Panama to equip the ships afresh with the help of the gold they had brought back and to enlist fresh followers.

But Padrarias, the Governor at that time, gave him, at first, a very cool reception and even forbade any further recruiting.

He had too urgent need of his fighting men, he said,

to be able to allow them to be sacrificed on useless and hazardous adventures.

At last, however, Luque's persuasive powers succeeded in convincing the Governor and, under condition of a very considerable share of the profit and with the proviso that this time Pizarro and Almagro should share the command, in March 1526 the agreement was sealed between the Governor and the *conquistadores* which, in its fulfilment, was destined to overthrow the mighty realm of the Incas.

Luque contributed twenty thousand *pesos de oro*, the work of equipment went on apace and in the spring of 1526 Pizarro and Almagro, accompanied by the capable pilot, Bartolomao Ruiz, put to sea with one hundred and seventy soldiers.

This time the season was more favourable and they could at least, without too great peril, again reach the Rio de San Juan, which had proved the final goal of Almagro's first voyage. They brutally attacked all and sundry of the peaceful Indian villages and acquired very considerable booty in gold and provisions, as well as taking prisoners, whom they intended to use later on as hostages. These prisoners, with whom, in course of time, they learnt to hold a little communication, informed them that, farther to the south, there lay another land incomparably richer in treasures than the few villages thereabout. On hearing this, Almagro sailed with one vessel northwards again, to fetch stores and, above all, larger supplies of munitions, whilst the pilot, Ruiz, steered the smaller boat farther south to test the truth of the Indians' reports. At about one degree south latitude he was to meet with an unex-

pected surprise. A great boat of perhaps thirty tons, roughly put together out of the trunks of some light-coloured trees, a kind of cross between a raft and a ship, carrying, however, a mast and a sail, came across the water to meet him. The rigging consisted of hempen ropes and great stones served as anchors. The crew of this strange vessel wore fine cotton or woollen garments in which were woven patterns of gay birds, conventional animals or groups of flowers. Others, again, had similar garments made of flame-coloured, white, black or blue material. The little cabin, built on the main part of the vessel, was surrounded with the most varied assortment of articles, amongst them hats, belts and vessels of all kinds. This people boarded the Spaniards' ship without any fear and gave them to understand that they were merchants from the rich and important city of Tumbez, where great temples were to be found, filled with endless treasure of gold and silver.

Great barter took place between the white men and these strangely civilized Indians, the Spaniards managing to secure, in exchange for all kinds of worthless rubbish, a great quantity of costly objects made of precious metals.

After an absence of seventy days Ruiz returned, much pleased with his success, to Rio San Juan, and since, meantime, Almagro had come back with his newly equipped vessel, the *conquistadores* decided to make an immediate start for the south and pay a visit to this mysterious town of Tumbez. They speedily reached the Bay of San Matteo, and there, amidst carefully tended fields, found the friendly district of Atacames.

Their first idea was simply to attack the town as they had done all other Indian settlements, but when they were met by a well-armed force of about ten thousand men, they changed their minds and said they had come as friends and messengers of the powerful King of Spain ; they did not, it is true, make themselves very well understood owing to the difficulty of expressing their meaning in signs only, but they succeeded in inducing the Indians to put down the weapons they were brandishing in so threatening a manner and to lead them as friends into their settlement.

The Spaniards were neither numerous nor well-armed enough to take forcible possession of the Indians' very considerable stores of golden treasure, so they made most strenuous endeavours to acquire all they could by barter, and also decided to return at once to a somewhat more northerly island. Here Pizarro proposed to remain with the main part of his followers, whilst Almagro sailed once more to Panama to collect reinforcements for the expedition against Tumbez.

Meantime, however, most of the soldiers had lost all heart for further dangers and only asked to go home. When Pizarro opposed this idea, they contrived to send with Almagro's company a letter to the Governor begging him to have them fetched back.

So when Almagro landed in Panama and asked for reinforcements, not only were these refused, but he was forbidden to set out again himself whilst, in his stead, a certain officer, Tafur by name, was sent out with two ships and enjoined to bring all the rest of the expedition back by force to Panama.

When Tafur reached the island, he was hailed by the

perishing soldiers as the literal saviour of their lives. For weeks the most terrible winds had raged, intermingled with tempests and hailstorms. Their provisions were long since exhausted and their only food was the niggardly supplies that Nature offered them amongst the sea-creatures. Their clothes hung in tatters, and various forms of sickness had robbed them of their strength. Pizarro alone remained undaunted. Tafur distributed provisions, at the same time commanding the exhausted men to embark without delay. He was greatly enraged when Pizarro refused and, dauntless as ever, in spite of his fifty-eight years, drew a line in the sand and then, pointing to the south, he cried :

" There lies the land of gold, there the endless treasure-stores that are ours if we will but seek them ; but there, to the north, lies Panama, where nothing awaits us but hunger and never-ending poverty. I am going southwards. Who will follow me ? "

The first to come over to his side was Francisco Rodrigues de Villa Fuerte, then followed fifteen more, according to Garcilasso de la Vega, but Xeres, Pizarro's secretary, gives the number as only thirteen, one amongst them being Ruiz, the pilot of his ships. Tafur raged, but he was powerless to shake Pizarro's resolution, so he sailed away in anger with the others, refusing to leave behind any food or other necessary with the exception of a little maize.

Strange indeed must have been the feelings of the intrepid company of thirteen or sixteen men, who gathered round their dauntless leader, as the sails disappeared across the ocean, leaving them forsaken

and in worse case than before, without a vessel, without stores, and they themselves weakened by deprivations of all kinds. One of their number, Ruiz, the pilot, had gone with Tafur to Panama to get from Almagro and Luque a ship, food, new recruits and weapons.

Now that they were alone, they determined to leave the island as soon as possible, for their conscience troubled them with regard to the Indians, and no doubt they feared—and not without reason—that the latter, when they noticed that so few had remained behind, would one day attack and overpower them.

So they put together a raft and took advantage of a northerly current to drift to the little isle of Gergona, on which they hoped to find a better supply of food.

Seven long terrible months were they doomed to stay on this island. It by no means offered them what they had hoped, yet they could not venture to sail into the unknown on a mere raft, especially as they would then run the risk of missing Ruiz when he returned. The deprivations, starvation, tortures of every kind that they had to endure baffle description.

When, at last, after seven months the sails, so ardently longed for, appeared on the horizon and made it possible for them to leave the inhospitable island, they baptized it with the name of Inferno—a veritable hell indeed.

But even the ship brought a fresh disappointment. It is true Almagro and Luque, who had prudently remained in Panama themselves, had sent both provisions and weapons, but not a single recruit had volunteered for service. The descriptions given by the

half-dead men brought home by Tafur had acted as a too powerful deterrent.

No sooner did Pizarro and his companions feel a ship's planks under their feet again than their courage revived, although Ruiz was the bearer of an express command to them to be back in Panama within six months at latest, under pain of certain punishment.

They first cast anchor some miles farther south by an Indian village which they had not hitherto visited and hence had left no bad memories behind with the inhabitants. Here they met with a good reception from the peaceful natives, who feasted them with llama-flesh, and since the adventurers, in the course of their voyages, had already acquired a certain knowledge of the Indian language, they took from this village two Indians and also two inhabitants of Tumbez, who chanced to be there, to serve as interpreters.

One day later they espied the walls of Tumbez, the first city of the mighty Inca kingdom. Pizarro and his company were astounded; this was no Indian village, but an imposing town, above which towered a splendidly built fortress protected by immense stone walls, a great city too with numbers of stone houses and temples, surrounded by fair fields and gardens and that in a district where rain was unknown.

But the travellers at once noticed a system of straight canals, traversing the country in every direction and flanked by lands under careful cultivation.

Another less pleasant surprise awaited them, however, for the port was alive with soldiers, who seemed about to steer their rafts in their direction.

Later on, however, it transpired that these warlike

preparations were not aimed at them, but that the Inca was instituting an expedition against the opposite island of Puna. In any case, the *conquistadores* plainly saw that they could not attack or even plunder this city, consequently they begged the two inhabitants who were on their ship to act as intermediaries.

It was not long before some of the rafts and several men, apparently of leader rank, fearlessly stepped on board. Now Pizarro was to reap his reward for having expended rich gifts to gain the friendship of the two townsmen he had brought with him, for they described the Spaniards—who, of course, in weapons alone were so superior even to these men—as demi-gods.

It was an unkind fate that here, as in the Aztec kingdom, the Europeans were helped by old prophecies that in both nations foretold the coming of Gods with white skins and blue eyes from across the sea, who would bring them happiness—or again would ruin the land.

In the Aztec kingdom the effect of this prophecy was that the Emperor Motecuhzoma in Tenochtitlan saw in Cortez the return of the saviour Quetzalcoatl and opened every barrier before him, whilst the Incas (although this designation properly belonged only to the Emperor and his immediate blood-relations, we apply it indiscriminately to all the dwellers of Tahuantinsuyu, partly for convenience' sake and also because we are unwilling to call them simply Indians) looked upon the men who came from the other side of the ocean in their shining armour, carrying fire-making weapons in their hands, as messengers from the gods.

Pizarro began by sending one of his people, Alonso

de Molina, into the town. He returned filled with admiration of all the treasures he had seen, but what impression must it have made upon the Incas that what pleased this divine messenger most was the sight of the pretty Inca maidens and that he gladly accepted those who were placed at his disposal.

Nor could the Inca be blamed, for what happier lot could a virgin of the Sun-Temple hope for than to be desired by one, no less than a god!

But how different was the nature of these "gods" from that of the divine Inca in Cuzco. The second ambassador, Pedro de Candia, made a better impression as he passed through the town in all the glory of his knightly armour, the sun's rays reflected in the burnished surface of his coat of shining mail. To him who seemed indeed a god, every palace and even the Sun-Temple was willingly opened.

His eyes were dazzled, for Tumbez was, at that time, amongst the mightiest cities of the realm. Inca Tupez Yupanqui had founded the town on the coast after his conquest of the warlike aboriginal tribe and, under Huayana Capac, Tumbez had risen to great importance. Quite contrary to Inca traditions elsewhere, it had developed a commercial side and carried on, although in primitive vessels, a brisk coasting trade. Candia was indeed dazzled at this *El Dorado*. The rich contents of the gold sands in the neighbourhood had made it possible to decorate the temple in Tumbez almost as richly as that in Cuzco. The walls were overlaid with gold, golden vessels shone in absolutely endless numbers in the palace, the residence of a member of the Inca's family, and even a golden garden

with golden plants and animals was laid out round the temple.

Not only all this, but the splendid, wonderfully woven rugs, the costly garments of fine vicuna wool that were made in the convent of the Virgins of the Sun, the order and cleanliness of the civilized town and, added to these, the fortifications with their massive buildings, the water-system, which even supplied the top of the hill with its life-giving stream, made a great flourishing, civilized city indeed, filled with contented people!

Pizarro invited the Inca Governor to his ship, and the invitation was accepted. With his great clever eyes the "savage" looked at the ship with astonishment but fearlessly, and saw the working of the firearms.

Then, however, he asked his strange visitors whence they came and why. Pizarro, in full armour, unfurled the Spanish flag as he replied:

"I come as the ambassador of the King of Spain, the most powerful monarch of the world, to bring this country into subjection to its rightful lord, to snatch it from the darkness of barbarism and to convert it to the only true religion of Jesus Christ."

What must the Inca have thought of these proud words from the lips of the man who had come across the sea with so few followers and had been reduced to the grateful acceptance of such food as was offered him?

He listened and looked at him with those shrewd eyes of his, but said not a word in reply. Indeed he gladly shared the feast to which Pizarro had bidden him and invited the *conquistador* in return to the

palace. The Spaniards remained some considerable time as guests in Tumbez. They recognized that they could do nothing here by force, so endeavoured to get possession of as great a store of gold and precious stones as possible by barter. This offered no difficulty, for gold was too abundant for the Incas to set much store by it, whilst the things offered by the Spaniards had all the charm of novelty.

Pizarro had given his people most stringent orders to refrain from violence of any kind and, as soon as he had filled his ship with treasures, he once more in full contentment steered his course towards the north. The Incas felt they were losing a friend, whilst Pizarro's farewell was probably the first true word he had uttered in Tumbez: "We shall meet again soon." How different, no doubt, was the import of these words to him and to the trusting mind of the Inca! They were the city's sentence of death carried out later by the *conquistador* Pizarro.

Let us anticipate for once and state briefly what we shall deal with later on. Cieza de Leon who in 1548, that is, then, but twenty years later, visited the town of Tumbez, says:

"The once prosperous town lay in ruins and these were the only signs of its former greatness. Almost the whole of the fruitful valley was turned into a wilderness; orchards and cornfields were overgrown with weeds. The diligent, civilized inhabitants had all succumbed, if not to Spanish weapons, then to the inhuman burdens imposed upon them by their conquerors. Destruction, death, desolation reigned wherever the victor had sated his thirst for gold."

Pizarro returned to Panama full of proud hopes. Surely now he could not fail to get a favourable hearing from the Governor; now indeed he would allow him to equip a great expedition. But he was mistaken; neither his report nor even his golden booty made any impression on the Governor, Don Pedro de les Rios, who declined to give any assistance, declaring that he could not have his colony depopulated to provide helpers in the adventurous conquests of imaginary districts.

In the Governor's blindness fate appeared once again to grant a reprieve to the Inca kingdom. The three unwearying men seemed in evil case, for even the considerable treasure which Pizarro had brought home did not provide gold enough to pay the debts which Luque, in spite of his wealth, had been compelled to incur to get the enormous sums that the expedition had already swallowed. Still, neither Pizarro, regardless of his increasing years, nor his companions were the men to give up a plan once formed.

Once again Luque borrowed *pesos de oro* and Pizarro determined to sail immediately to Spain to report to the king in person.

In the summer of 1528 he arrived in Seville and found—a reception he by no means expected. He was marched straight from his ship to a debtor's cell on the accusation of a former creditor who was probably in the pay of Pizarro's enemies. But the King who, meantime, had heard of the wonderland which the *conquistador* said he had discovered, was himself anxious to hear his experiences from his own lips, so his liberation was commanded, and he exchanged his

dungeon in Seville for the royal audience chamber in Toledo.

Yet ill fate still dogged his footsteps! Charles the Fifth, it is true, listened with astonishment to the strange tale, accepted with pleasure the gold vessels and the llamas that Pizarro produced to confirm his words, gazed with wonder at the natives of Peru who were brought to his court and expressed his sympathy with the conqueror's sufferings on the "Inferno" island; but he was on the point of setting out for his solemn coronation by the Pope at Rome, so delegated the testing of Pizarro's plans to the "Council of the Indies."

Whether these councillors had been prejudiced by the Governors or whether it was only that they did not see in him the discoverer of the richest gold land in the world, the man who was prepared to lay another realm at the King's feet, but only a lowly born adventurer, certain it is that they treated him just as, at the same time, they did Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, that is, they kept him waiting in vain, so that Pizarro, who pictured himself as the possessor of untold treasure, had to spend months in aimless inaction and greatest want.

Fortunately the Queen, who had remained in Spain, interested herself in him and, thanks to her influence, his luck changed on July 26, 1529. For on that day Pizarro was invested with all the rights of a discoverer of Peru, given the supreme control of the whole land as far as 720 miles south of Santiago, with the title of *Adelantado* and Viceroy, and presented with a new coat of arms which included an Inca town, a llama and the

imperial seal, as well as a substantial salary for the rest of his life.

Almagro was remembered too, although with a smaller salary and the dignity only of Commander of Tumbez. Luque, the former roving teacher, was promoted to be Bishop of Tumbez, and the captain, Ruiz, to be chief pilot of the South Sea.

All very grand and yet little enough! Pizarro was to have a salary not even paid by the government, but which he was to provide himself from the revenues of the new kingdom. He received neither ready money, ships nor troops, only permission to make recruits, whilst the Council of the Indies reserved to themselves the right to inspect these troops—which must reach a certain number—before their departure!

In spite of all, however, Pizarro had achieved his aim, and now came the day of a small triumph.

After an absence of twenty years the despised swineherd again entered Truxillo, the town in which he had been born. With all possible honours thick upon him, and wearing his state-mantle and red Santiago cross, the viceroy of a fairyland—still, it is true, awaiting conquest—he rode into his native city, where a solemn procession of townsfolk gave him escort.

Those who had at one time looked down upon him in contempt now hastened to prove their kinship or affection, whilst his four brothers, of whom only the eldest, Hernando, was his father's lawful son, whilst the remaining three were, like himself, illegitimate, determined to be the first among many to accompany him into the new wonderland.

Hernando Pizarro was proud and arrogant, destined

to bring his brother trouble rather than joy, but these Pizarros, all four of them, must have been brave and iron-willed men, for Hernando had already numbered sixty years, whilst Francisco, the viceroy, was now fifty-eight!

Recruiting volunteers who would follow Pizarro's banner was easier than obtaining funds, although, after six months, the number waiting on the three ships in Seville harbour fell far short of the three hundred and fifty, the minimum fixed by those in authority. Nor were they fully supplied with munitions and equipment.

Then the Council fixed their visit of inspection and Pizarro, fearing that his ill-luck might again play him an ugly trick, immediately put out to sea on one of the ships and left to his brother Hernando the task of explaining to the Commission that all they found missing in men or equipment had gone in the vessel which had already started.

The little flotilla met then on the open sea and sailed before a favourable wind to the harbour of Nombre de Dios on the Isthmus of Panama.

But his reception by Almagro and Luque proved a source of fresh difficulty, for both were annoyed that Pizarro had obtained higher honours for himself than for them. Almagro, in particular, felt injured although, so far, Pizarro alone had borne all the trials of the expeditions with the exception of Almagro's single voyage.

In vain Pizarro assured them that he had done all in his power for his companions and that he was prepared to share everything honourably with Almagro. But Almagro saw through Pizarro and knew that,

later on, if it served his purpose, one rogue would cheat another, so he turned on his heel in anger and, accompanied by Luque, definitely left Pizarro. Probably it was mainly owing to the brother Hernando who, as the only true-born nobleman, felt himself superior to all, and especially to Almagro and Luque, that the dissension between former friends increased and ended in an open breach.

The Viceroy of Peru entered Panama with every sign of solemn pomp and again tasted the sweets of triumph, this time over the Governor, whose control he need no longer fear. But this again was a triumph of but short duration, for although he had titles, ships and a certain number, albeit small, of recruits, yet, even at that time, money was the first necessary of warfare, and of this he had so little that he was not able even to feed his troops, to say nothing of suitably equipping them for the expedition against Tumbez. What was to be done then? Pizarro attempted a reconciliation with Almagro, who would, however, have none of it.

For Almagro no doubt said to himself that it would be easy for him to reap the sole advantage of all that Pizarro had so far achieved. So he determined with Luque's help to carry out himself the expedition that Pizarro, through want of funds, had to defer month after month.

The soldiers were grumbling; they had not come over from Spain to starve in Panama but to fill their pockets as fast as possible with Inca gold. Moreover, they did not know the merits of either Pizarro or Almagro as generals, so were quite ready to go over

to the latter with flying colours, provided only he would lead them to Tumbez and its treasures without delay.

Just as Pizarro was resentfully expecting to see the shining gold slip through his fingers, a passing ailment of Almagro's and the tactful intervention of Antoine de la Gama, an official in Panama, succeeded, at the last moment, in bringing about a reconciliation between the former friends. Almagro professed his readiness to put at Pizarro's disposal his stores of food and munitions, with the addition of a sum of money, as well as abdicating the chief command in his favour.

In the cathedral church of Panama the banner was solemnly dedicated and leaders and men blessed by the monk, Juan de Vargas, who, in company with several cloister brothers, was joining the expedition with a view to mission work ; and whilst Almagro and Luque once more stayed behind in Panama, the Pizarro brothers, amidst the bystanders' shouts of joy, sailed out of the Panama harbour with two or, as other historians state, three small ships and a force of one hundred and eighty foot and thirty-seven horse soldiers —a ridiculously small number when we bear in mind that their aim was the utter destruction of an empire with a fighting force of no less than three hundred thousand men.

This was in January 1531, when the *conquistador* had already passed his sixtieth birthday. Nor was he taking with him any trained company of regular troops, but only a crowd of booty-seeking, greedy adventurers !

We have given a more detailed account of Pizarro's earlier history than was really justified by the limits

of this volume, but it was essential in order to get a real understanding of his strange character. To achieve the impossible is only granted to a nature of such iron will, so steeled by difficulties, and of such invincible persistence as to be able, in spite of approaching old age, to adhere to a purpose once formed, when such a nature was united with indomitable force, vigorous health and a character that was a mixture of cunning ability and a cruel energy that would shrink from no means to carry out its ends; such a man alone would be able by means of a raiding expedition, which, as we have seen, is without a parallel in history, to fall upon a prosperous empire, a well-ordered state that, for no less than four centuries, had steadily grown in size and strength and by cleverly taking advantage of internal dissensions to bring about in a short time its utter destruction.

After this unavoidable digression, we will now return to the Incas and consider the circumstances that paved the way to ruin.

CHAPTER VI

WAR BETWEEN BROTHERS AND GREED OF GOLD

ABOUT 1490 Huayna Capac, the thirteenth Inca, succeeded to the throne. The most brilliant of his race as warrior and clever administrator, he was destined to bring his realm to the zenith of its power and, at the same time, to kindle the spark that should later develop into the all-consuming fire of destruction. He was but twenty years of age when his father, Tupac Yupanqui, at that time occupied with a tedious war against the country of *Puitu* (Quito), situated in what is now called Ecuador, appointed him commander-in-chief, since he himself felt old and ailing. After hostilities lasting many years and conducted by him with great ability and untiring perseverance, the youthful leader succeeded in overcoming the hostile tribe and in adding to the empire another extensive district. But the young Crown Prince had, at the same time, lost his heart to the daughter of Conchocando, the chief of Puitu, at that time ruling in the ancient town of Lican.

To begin with, however, Huayna was Inca enough to recognize what he owed to his position ; he therefore returned at the head of his triumphant army to Cuzco,

where the whole nation met the handsome youth with the most enthusiastic of welcomes.

Just as the fortifications of Saxuahuaman were nearing completion, the young conqueror's father, Inca Tupac Yupanqui, died. Immediately after his death, Huayna withdrew into the private apartments of his palace, which he did not leave until, after the prescribed weeks of strict seclusion, his solemn coronation as Inca took place.

Even as early as this there were signs of the rising of an evil star over the Inca house. During his weeks of seclusion, some of his step-brothers attempted an insurrection, but his notable victory, his lovable character and perhaps, as much as anything, the young emperor's great beauty, had so endeared him to the hearts of his people that, with one accord, they refused to listen to the rebels and the coronation took place with unbounded magnificence. All princes of the realm gave a fabulous amount of golden treasure, and the reports given by Spanish chroniclers would seem incredible did we not remember that the realm of Tahuantinsuyu at that time exceeded two thousand four hundred miles in length and might certainly be considered the richest gold land of the whole world.

No sooner was the coronation over than Huayna firmly grasped the reins of government. His position at such an early age of commander-in-chief had soon made him into a man, and his subsequent victory had awakened in him a desire to win the title of a successful conqueror.

It is, however, significant of woman's position amongst the Incas that Huayna, this powerful young emperor,

who had gathered round him the most experienced of his father's counsellors, never entered upon any undertaking without first consulting his mother, the widowed *Mama Coya*, and that his filial obedience and affection were so deep-seated that he postponed not only his plans of conquest but even the journey throughout his realm, obligatory on every Inca at his accession, until the death—certainly not very long delayed—of his mother, who had begged him not to leave Cuzco for long during her lifetime. It almost seems as though the old lady had a presentiment that danger was threatening her son from the newly acquired kingdom of Puitu.

A second evil omen also seemed to threaten the royal house. In this twentieth year, at the time of his departure to overthrow the people of Puitu, he had, in conformity with the royal custom, married his eldest sister but, for the first time since the beginning of the dynasty, it happened that there was no issue of the marriage.

A family council of the Incas was held. Since a legitimate heir was the first condition of stability of rule, the Inca took two other wives on approval, so to speak—his younger sister and a more distant relative ; whichever of these two first gave him an heir was to attain the dignity of *Mama Coya*.

The Inca's sister won in this curious competition but, shortly after, the second wife also gave birth to a little son. The first-born at once received the name of Inti Kussi Huallpa (son of my joy) and the young father, in his delight, made the great gold chain which we have already mentioned as being sunk in the Lake

of Urcos ; the second was named Inca Manco and both were destined in the future to play an inglorious part in the ruin of the empire.

But now after his mother's death the young ruler was faced with important duties. Even his father, Inca Tupac Yupanqui, had not exercised to the full all the old Inca caution and had increased his kingdom by conquest more quickly than was expedient, and thus it happened that frequent disturbances arose in the newly added provinces. So the young Inca started on a journey of some years' duration through his kingdom.

How strange are the similarities we cannot fail to see with recent German history. The last Inca came to the throne when but a young man, he won all hearts, he had an extraordinary idea of his own greatness and a quite exceptional love of pomp and show. No Inca ever travelled with so much or such pomp as did Huayna ; nor did any Inca ever find so warm a place in women's hearts !

The Spanish conquerors heard with amazement that the golden throne-like chair in which Huayna was carried through his vast realm along roads specially cleaned and bestrewn with fragrant flowers for this occasion was thickly set with precious gems.

One loyal demonstration followed another, and then he sent messengers to all neighbouring tribes demanding peace and subjection, which no one dared to refuse. If seemed as if a time of real peace was destined to dawn under the sway of this proud, young, pomp-loving ruler.

He, however, took up his residence for a considerable

time in his newly won kingdom of Puitu, and spared no expense to beautify the port of Tumbez and other places in the district with the most costly magnificence.

He stayed there two full years, during which he committed the indiscretion of not only marrying the conquered chief's daughter, whom he had loved since those bygone days of early warfare, but of setting an entirely new example to the Inca dynasty by raising her to the position of a second *Mama Coya*, regardless of the fact that she was a foreigner, a princess who did not belong to the sacred Inca house, and that his sister, who had already been legally raised to the dignity of *Mama Coya*, had already given him a son and heir.

The remainder of the Inca's reign now consisted of numberless journeys, magnificent feasts, easy victories and the erection of new, imposing buildings.

It is true that the emperor was once nearly defeated and murdered by a comparatively insignificant people. This occurred as he left Tumbez, intending to conquer the island of Puna, which Pizarro, too, visited on his way to Tumbez. With apparent submission the natives had invited him to visit the island to receive their homage. Huayna went over on a flotilla of rafts but, instead of having the ancient idols brought over as his wise ancestors always did into the temple at Cuzco, he had them all destroyed on the spot, in utter disregard of the feelings of the few natives. Nor did these raise any objections; indeed they even spread a feast in honour of the Inca. But as he returned the next day across the strait he was only saved by the fact that he himself had, contrary to expectation, sailed on

in front, whilst his relatives who had accompanied him as acting generals accepted the invitation of the islanders to be rowed across on their rafts. In the middle of the sea the people secretly undid the ropes round the rafts and drowned every one of their Inca enemies.

The revenge of course was terrible, for Huayna at once saw that almost all the inhabitants were done to death.

The great festivities in Cuzco connected with the consecration of the fortifications, now at last completed, recalled him to the capital, and the following years were entirely occupied with punitive expeditions against insubordinate rebels or neighbours and the grand victory celebrations that inevitably followed them.

When he defeated the chieftain of Manta, he obtained possession of a number of the most splendid emeralds, the largest of which was so gigantic that it was looked upon as a god and received offerings of other smaller stones, all of which naturally found their way into the Inca's treasure-house.

Again and again his heart drew him to Puitu, where his favourite *Mama Coya* lived with the little son, named Atahuallpa, who also soon won the chief place in his father's affections. Even as a child he showed signs of an arbitrary nature very different from the somewhat shy and kind-hearted temperament of his step-brother Huascar, the heir to the throne.

Huayna turned over in his mind how he could secure an independent position for this, his favourite, even after his own death. He summoned his nobles, as well as the Crown Prince Huascar to Puitu, and signified

his wishes to them. He could, of course, not exclude Huascar, his heir, from the succession, but he told the assembled magnates that since the realm had now grown to such an extent, Huascar would remain in Cuzco as chief Inca, whilst his second son, Atahuallpa, was to be made independent sovereign in Puitu.

To this, unfortunately, the kindly Huascar agreed, and even though the councillors disapproved they did not dare to oppose his will. Atahuallpa was surrounded with all royal honours; for the first time there were two future heirs to the throne in the land and Puitu was raised to the dignity of the second capital.

But just then Huayna was filled with a fresh anxiety. News reached him that a great ship with white-skinned strangers—Pizarro and his companions—had appeared outside Tumbez. They had, it was true, come as friends, and had only strolled through the city in their shining armour with a flash of lightning in their hands before sailing off again.

Huayna at once recalled the old prophecy, made in the time of his ancestor Inca Huiracotsha, which foretold the coming of strange gods from across the ocean who would overthrow the kingdom. He saw that measures were immediately taken to prevent the strangers from landing, but year after year passed and the Inca forgot his fears while Pizarro tarried in Spain.

Huayna now determined to leave Cuzco for good and to pass the evening of his days in Puitu with his favourite wife and son, but an epidemic of measles broke out in Puitu, which did not spare even the divine Inca, who quickly died from the disease.

The " greatest of the Incas " he has been called by many historians, and it is no doubt probable that the Spaniards would not have found it so easy to conquer the country if he had still been living. But, in reality, it was his amazing self-conceit, his extravagance, his love of empty show and the habit he had of putting aside the prudent, well-considered laws of his ancestors that prepared the way for the ruin that was to come with such astounding speed.

Two Incas were now reigning in Tahuantinsuyu : Huascar, the legitimate son and heir in Cuzco, and Atahuallpa in Puitu. The kingdom acclaimed Huascar with joy as he came to the throne, at first indeed, under his mother's regency, but soon as solemnly crowned king. He was both far-sighted and gentle ; with no lust of conquest, he would indeed have been a peaceful Inca who would have followed in his forefather's footsteps and have colonized by degrees and completely won all new parts of his realm.

Atahuallpa, however, was quite other in character, belligerent, greedy of power, quick in decision and full of ambition. He knew he had been the favourite son and that his father would certainly have left him the whole kingdom had it been within his power to do so.

To be ruler of insignificant Puitu and to resign the other mighty kingdom to the weakling Huascar—as he dubbed the gentle Inca—by no means satisfied his lust of power. So he contrived to gather many of his father's generals round him in Puitu, for they thought —and doubtless rightly—that they would achieve greater honours under the warlike Atahuallpa than

under the peace-loving Huascar, who never spent his time devising warlike schemes.

The solemn coronation took place in Cuzco. All hearts opened to Huascar, and messengers, sent by Atahuallpa to lay secret plots, had to return, their errand undone; there was no room in Cuzco for Atahuallpa, who was not even of purely Inca descent.

It is true that the invitation to attend the coronation and do homage to the new supreme Inca was declined by Atahuallpa, and the generals, gathered round him, also stayed in Puitu. The kindly Huascar thought that his brother was detained by dangers threatening his frontiers.

Huascar threw himself whole-heartedly into peaceful activities. He found fullest occupation in dealing with the college of the *amautas*, the civilization of the people, the prosperity of the country, the establishment of markets and the provision of additional roads and systems of irrigation; but, time and again, reports reached his ears that his ambitious brother in Puitu was getting together great fighting forces and that he was busy making his plans to rebel against him.

At last even Huascar's patience gave way, and he sent a command to his step-brother in Puitu to come at once to Cuzco and, without delay, offer the homage he had so far neglected.

Atahuallpa received the embassy with every mark of honour, and declared his readiness to give up even Puitu if his royal brother should so desire, and also his willingness to start at once for Cuzco to pay him homage, if only His Majesty would allow him to come with a large retinue, so that, in accordance with Puitu

custom, he might perform once more solemn funeral rites at his father's tomb.

For Huayna's body had been taken on a golden litter to Cuzco, whilst, in accordance with his wish, his heart had been deposited in the Sun-Temple of his beloved Puitu.

Huascar was pleased, and gladly consented to his brother's retinue. He was, moreover, ready to confirm him in all his rights as king of Puitu. He only saw peace in prospect, but the revengeful, ambitious Atahuallpa was laying his treacherous plans with quite another end in view.

The couriers hastened through Puitu with solemn *quipus* to summon all of high estate to the capital to take part in the homage-procession to Cuzco. But, at the same time, other confidential *quipus* took orders to the generals in the secret at once to get together their soldiers and to march with all possible speed and with hidden weapons in companies of five hundred men to Cuzco.

The constant marching-by of so many men aroused the curiosity of the inhabitants of the districts, but it was known that plans had been made for a great reconciliation-feast in Cuzco and these companies announced that they were serving-men going on in advance.

To begin with, these disguised soldiers marched at long intervals, but the nearer they came to Cuzco the smaller these intervals became until, at last, the experienced Governor's suspicions were aroused and special messengers raced towards Cuzco with the message: "These are no *curacas* and princes, passing

on their way to take the oath of allegiance, but ordinary soldiers with their leaders. An army is on its way against Cuzco. To your arms, O Incas ! "

Even Huascar was shocked. The messages increased with each passing day, and he no longer had any doubts as to Atahuallpa's evil intention.

So now, too, couriers hastened with imperial *quipus*, bidding the commanders of the loyal districts of Andesuyu, Calliasuyu and Chontisuyu to send all men capable of bearing arms.

Too late, alas ! It is true all his relatives hastily rallied round the young lawful Inca, but all the available fighting men were young and inexperienced, and in the meantime twenty thousand well-prepared rebel soldiers had openly unfurled their banners and set up their standards in the valley of the river Apurimac.

Tens of thousands more hastily followed them, whilst Atahuallpa prudently awaited the issue on the frontier of his own kingdom.

The two armies met not far from the heights of Villcacuna, and a fierce combat followed from early morning until late into the night ; on one side Atahuallpa's experienced soldiers, on the other unpractised but intrepid troops under the leadership of Huascar, who, now that war was forced upon him, showed himself a worthy descendant of the long line of Incas.

Victory fluctuated from side to side ; often indeed it seemed as if the right would win, but, towards evening, fresh and excellent reinforcements, kept in reserve until then, dashed down from the mountains to the support of Atahuallpa's troops, made a flank attack

upon the exhausted Inca army, gained a decisive victory and Huascar had to beat a retreat. Atahuallpa had mixed blood in his veins and his generals were barbarians of Puitu whose innate bloodthirsty cruelty had not yet been tempered by the milder Inca spirit.

Atahuallpa had none of his father's genial temper, but was cruel and bloodthirsty.

On that same evening Huascar's valiant *Hatun Apu* was impaled and butchered, his skull being afterwards made into a drinking-cup for Atahuallpa !

Huascar himself was taken prisoner.

On this fatal day of 1531 six thousand men are said to have met their death in this strife between the brothers, but Cieza de Leon, who visited the battle-field only a few decades later, thinks that, judging from the vast quantity of bleached bones, the number must have been far greater.

Atahuallpa marched rapidly to Cuzco, although he still disguised his real intentions and invited all survivors who could boast of descent from the royal house —and there were thousands—to assemble at Cuzco.

They all came, except a few detained at home by illness—came from love to Huascar and to the imperial house. To their amazement, however, they saw that neither Atahuallpa nor his captive brother was present, but that the King of Puitu's two generals, Chalcuchima and Quizquiz, were holding the city with great forces.

" The Inca will come and begs you to wait for him."

That night Atahuallpa carried out his terrible plan. He, of course, was no Inca. What were these men to him ? Only an impediment in his way.

It was a frightful baptism of blood, a St. Bartholomew's night in Cuzco !

The city literally swam in blood. Atahuallpa had every living Inca butchered so that, secure from the fear of any rival, he might assume sole sovereignty in Tahuantinsuyu. All who survived the night were taken prisoners and next day dragged to the parade-ground behind Saxuahuaman. There the shackled Inca princes were ranged in two long lines through which the captured Huascar, in mourning garb with his hands bound behind his back, was forced to pass and then the bronze battle-clubs finished the work. The same fate befell those *curacas* who had remained loyal to Huascar. Prince Inti Manco, the Inca's step-brother, alone succeeded in making his escape.

Atahuallpa was just approaching Cuzco with a view to his solemn coronation as Inca, when the message reached him that a fleet of great ships had sailed into the Bay of San Matteo and that strangers, in coats of mail, with drawn swords and lightning in their hands, had disembarked from them.

A supremely cruel retribution had already followed upon the one mistake made by Huayna in raising, contrary to his race traditions, Atahuallpa, the son of his foreign wife, to share the position and dignity of imperial ruler, but it was just possible that the strong national Inca constitution might have survived even this crisis, probable indeed, for, although Cuzco was defeated, practically all the rest of the realm was loyal to Huascar.

But, at this very moment, Fate willed that Pizarro with this greedy crew of dissolute adventurers should land upon the Inca coast.

At first the Spaniards marched on slaughtering, burning, plundering southward along the coast as far as the Gulf of Guayaquil. Gold ! gold ! was their cry, until their eyes were dazzled and every temple increased their spoil. Passing by Tumbez, they began by crossing over to the island of Puna, there to await the end of the rainy season in raids and plunder.

Pizarro had to give way to his people's wild thirst for gold, although he himself was more far-sighted. For he was not aiming at the conquest of a few coast towns but of the whole kingdom, and the report reached him of the outbreak of civil war, followed by Atahuallpa's victory.

This victor, then, must be won over ; his help must be secured to gain a footing in the country and then he must be ousted. In broad outline such was Pizarro's plan.

He had found on the island of Puna a number of prisoners from Tumbez ; these he liberated and sent home in the hope of thereby winning the friendship of the inhabitants. But disappointment awaited him for when, the rainy season being over, he visited the town, he found the gates barred and entrance denied him.

For the moment, however, Pizarro was on the island of Puna. What cunning, bad men these wild Indians were, to be sure !

At first, they received the white men with open arms, and gave them so liberally of their own abundant stores that the Spaniards were delighted. Then, however, things changed ; the deceitful savages did not feel honoured when the rough Spaniards violated their

wives and daughters, nor were they pleased when the intruders, not content with the gold given them in willing exchange, ruthlessly broke into the temples and despoiled them. At any rate, the Spaniards noticed the continual appearance of men about them in greater numbers than they had seen before and, at last, it was betrayed to them that the savages had determined to murder all the strangers in one night.

It would have furthered true civilization and been to the advantage of the country if this intention had been carried out, and the two hundred Spanish adventurers could have been far better spared than the whole Inca State. But Pizarro took the chief and his sons prisoners unawares and carried out a bloody massacre of the inhabitants. It is true that on the following night the few Spaniards were attacked by a vast Indian host filling the air with their wild battle-cries which, however, soon turned into screams of pain, for Pizarro being prepared, his firearms did terrible destruction; line after line of the Indians fell to the ground, and the rest took to flight. Not satisfied with this, Pizarro searched the whole island for days and slaughtered every human creature. Some of the chieftains, indeed, were burnt alive by the philanthropic Europeans as a foretaste of the future Inquisition. In this way the island of Puna was thoroughly civilized and Pizarro enabled to await the end of the rainy season in all comfort.

When this came he crossed to Tumbez, but the report of his rivers of blood had got there before him and he was refused entrance. But when the guns cracked and the bullets whizzed far beyond the walls, when the

cavalry, however small in number, rushed up on their uncanny, long-legged steeds—the horses Tumbez had never seen before—followed by shining coats of mail, the Inca warriors, who had never faltered in any combat with the savages, lost heart, set fire with their own hands to the noble city of Tumbez, and fled to the mountains.

Pizarro entered upon a ruined heap of former glory and found but few houses with a roof left to shelter him.

Nor did the booty come up to the greedy hopes of the victorious Spaniards.

The fugitives had probably taken the greater part of their treasures with them or quickly sunk what they had to leave in canals and reservoirs. In addition to this disappointment, the day had by no means passed without dealing many a blow to the Spaniards and Pizarro's brother, Hernando, was amongst the severely wounded. Once again the adventurers' courage failed them as they began to grumble that the golden temples of Tumbez had not contained what they hoped. They even demanded that Pizarro should take them back to Panama but, time after time, news came of hidden treasures in the interior of the country. The coast-dwellers thought the quickest way to get rid of their troublesome visitors was to push them farther inland, where possibly they hoped that the Inca's troops would manage to destroy them.

Pizarro, too, was anxious to move on with all speed. He purposely dispatched the ships to fetch reinforcements to deprive his own company of the possibility of returning home, then, leaving behind in Tumbez a small garrison to plunder the neighbourhood to their

heart's content, he himself set out on that unparalleled march into the interior to meet Atahuallpa.

His idea was to offer him assistance against his brother and, in this way, to gain supremacy himself.

After the monk, Vicente de Valverde, with deceitful words had exhorted the garrison to treat the Indians with Christian humanity—that was, to butcher them in Christian fashion—the start was made.

Pizarro's little host—an ever-decreasing tiny company—marched up the valley of the Chira stream.

Even if a few stragglers and some volunteers from Nicaragua had joined him during his stay on the island of Puna, he had preferred to leave behind in Tumbez all those of whose loyalty he was not absolutely sure, and thus it was with no more than sixty-seven horsemen and one hundred and ten foot-soldiers that he ventured to start. Their equipment, too, was by no means satisfactory, not nearly all had firearms, some only crossbows and the rest halberds and swords. By then, Pizarro doubtless knew, by report, the excellent organization of the Inca realm, nor could he doubt that Atahuallpa was fully cognizant not only of all his movements but of all his deeds of cruelty and the destruction of Tumbez, although he had now given his followers the strictest orders to refrain from plunder of any kind.

His first move was to send out experienced men to do their utmost to make peace with the *curacas* of the neighbouring districts.

He met, too, with a good reception in some villages and report goes that an embassy from Cuzco came to him with a request from Huascar for his help against

his step-brother and a promise of great stores of gold.

How just was the Inca's estimate of the avaricious Spanish character! Unfortunately there is no record of Pizarro's answer; it was doubtless some diplomatic subterfuge, for to help the weaker side was certainly not one of his objects in life.

And fresh trouble was already brewing in his own camp. The excellent Inca roads, considerably better than any roads in Spain at that time, the order, the food-magazines standing everywhere in readiness, the Inca soldiers assembled round them, who certainly opened the doors willingly enough yet watched with grim reserve all the Spaniards' doings—all this was calculated to arouse in many the suspicions that they were being led open-eyed into a trap of some sort.

Pizarro noticed their fears and called his company together, feeling it was better to have few rather than malcontents. He told them the garrison left behind in Tumbez had sent to beg for reinforcements; if any of them no longer wished to march on farther, they could now return without scruple or loss of honour, whilst those who made up their minds to follow him must, without hesitation, burn all their boats.

Once more five horsemen and four foot-soldiers left him, so that his company now numbered sixty-two cavalry, one hundred and six infantry, twenty crossbowmen, with the addition of two field-pieces.

The valley of the Rio de Piura, which they now entered, was a beautiful region where they found most carefully cultivated fields, gay orchards, an excellent high road bordered by shady trees, with rest-houses and

good magazines at short intervals and springs of bubbling water brought here by an elaborate irrigation system.

Such high roads certainly made marching an easy matter, but they were no less a sure sign of the advanced civilization of this mighty kingdom.

And in front of them lay the snow-covered peaks of the Andes with these wonderful roads winding upward round their slopes.

In the village of Sana an embassy arrived from Atahuallpa. The import of their message too is uncertain; some reports state that the Inca invited the Spaniards to come to his camp, others write that he warned Pizarro to return to the coast with all speed, to restore his booty and to leave the country "if he set any value upon his eyes and teeth."

Pizarro's answer alone is certain: that he came as the messenger of the King of Spain, the most powerful ruler of the whole world, and that he was prepared to enter into an alliance with him against his brother Huascar.

Probably he had already said the same to Huascar's messengers! At any rate, he marched forward without waiting for an answer.

Now for several days their course led them through the desert region of Sechura; here, for the first time, they found no water, as this district was not yet under cultivation, but, instead, they came upon some strong townships, although empty both of men and stores.

It was an evil omen. This was the home of wild people, only lately brought under the Inca's rule, still carrying on the old idol-worship and offering human

sacrifices. They did not receive the Spaniards in an unfriendly way, for Pizarro, of course, had promised to free them from the Inca's hated yoke.

Hernando Pizarro succeeded in capturing some Inca soldiers who refused, however, to give any information as to the strength of the army. This in no way nonplussed a contemporary of the Inquisition, and Hernando straightway stretched the poor Indians on the rack, until torture broke their resolute silence.

In this way he learnt that Atahuallpa had pitched a camp of picked soldiers a few miles from the fortress Caxamarca and was there waiting for the Spaniards, whom he intended to destroy, root and branch.

A pleasant prospect for the little company, but Pizarro, immediately his brother Hernando brought the news, as his only reply, took his troops across the river on to the side occupied by the enemy, and then, in very deed, burnt his boats by destroying the bridges over which they passed.

To begin with, they still had the good Inca road beneath their feet, but as soon as the foot of the mountains was reached they came to a parting of the ways.

The well-made high road went on to Cuzco, but the Inca's camp was only reached by a mountain path cut out of the rock, with no rest-houses and no food-magazines, but, instead, beetling crags, bottomless precipices and deep, mysterious forests in which the enemy could well lie in ambush. Pizarro himself led the vanguard. What an iron constitution this man of sixty must have had, and his elder brother Hernando no less !

Often the road was nothing but rough steps without

a railing along the side of some horrible abyss. Riding, of course, was out of the question—it was indeed unknown amongst the Incas—and each of the horse-soldiers had to drag his terrified steed by the bridle after him.

The Spaniards marched on, gloomy and reluctant, but unable to turn back, with Francisco Pizarro in the van, whilst Hernando, even more cruel in temperament, brought up the rear. A small handful of determined Incas at this point could have easily put an end to the adventurers, but Atahuallpa had planned otherwise. He wished to have them in his camp and after they had seen all the glory of his power, his judgment should fall upon them.

He did not know Pizarro !

At last, after a long and terrible march, they reached the top. Not an Inca had they seen, only a few llamas had crossed the stony wilderness in hurried flight. Here, on the summit, icy mountain winds raged round a stone tower. What builder could have put it together so well ? The lower part was hewn out of the living rock and the upper story formed of massive blocks of stone.

Even the great fires they kindled barely thawed their frozen limbs and the bare feet of the servants, torn by the sharp sedges that completely covered the mountain sides, were sore and bleeding. Yet the orange-coloured lichen that grew in great patches gave the idea of wide stretches covered with glistening gold.

Another royal embassy ! Atahuallpa sent them ten llamas and a message to say how he was looking forward to the arrival of his foreign visitors and to beg that he

might hear when he was to expect them, in order to prepare a worthy reception. Pizarro tried to cross-question the messenger as to the strength of the Inca army, but the man kept his own counsel as to that and only described the terrible treatment Atahuallpa had meted out to Huascar's relatives in Cuzco. He evidently wished to intimidate the *conquistador* by this description of his master's cruelties, but Pizarro remained unmoved.

"I am glad Atahuallpa is a hero, and why should Huascar's fate trouble me? But I am the messenger of a much mightier monarch than Atahuallpa. Look at my few followers. A small number of them were enough to lay your city of Tumbez in ruins, and every captain of my master's with fewer soldiers than I have has conquered greater kingdoms than yours. Go back to the Inca. Tell him I have come to win him for our almighty God. If he is peaceably inclined, I offer him friendship and will leave him on his throne. In that case I will only pass through your land as a friend and leave it again. If he desires war—well, I do not need to fear him, but he will rue it."

Bold words these were for an adventurer with a few exhausted followers in the very midst of a strange land, but they achieved their aim, for the Inca's messenger returned home, filled with amazement and fear.

At their next stopping-place a fresh herald arrived with llamas and gifts but, simultaneously with him, one of Pizarro's spies returned with the news that Caxamarca was deserted by all its inhabitants and that a great military camp had been set up close to the town.

Pizarro descended on the other side of the pass, so that he was now in the centre of the plateau. A wide, fruitful plain extended on both sides of a noble river. In the midst of cultivated fields, bearing testimony to both diligence and prosperity, lay the houses of Caxamarca, but on the other side, only very few miles distant, lay the camp along the mountain slopes. Chronicle-writers describe it as five miles long, forming a town of itself with its regular, clean tents, in the midst of which the Inca's quarters in their distinctive splendour were plainly discernible.

Even Pizarro was startled. That was no Indian camp but a trained, well-ordered war-camp, and the handful of strangers who had presumed to declare war against such a force began to feel both anxious and frightened.

But of this Pizarro gave no sign. He looked over to the camp, then calmly gave the order to start, and on the evening of November 15, 1532, he made his entry into the completely deserted Caxamarca.

It was an uncomfortable position—the desolate town, with its wide streets and carefully kept squares, great palaces built in a triangle and, towering over everything, two strong fortresses which were built more solidly than anything they had ever seen, but—not a single human being!

Pizarro ordered his men to await under arms a message from the Inca, but everything remained quiet in the war-camp above. So Hernando Pizarro decided to ride over with a picked company of the bravest. A splendid road led right into the camp, where Inca soldiers stood before every tent, looking in unfriendly

amazement at the strange steeds and the armed riders, but no one lifted his lance or uttered a word.

Before one of the largest tents some hundreds of soldiers stood assembled, all with their richest plumes on their heads, whilst, in the midst, on a low golden chair, covered with cushions, sat Atahuallpa, easily recognizable by the red fringe over his brow. Beside him stood some Virgins of the Sun holding a rug which they put over the Inca when he wished to be covered, but at the moment they had drawn it aside. The Inca sat in silence with downcast eyes, not honouring the strangers with a single glance. Not even when Hernando de Soto, one of Pizarro's loyal adherents, began by announcing the arrival of the Spaniards, did the Inca either move or speak. And only when Hernando introduced Pizarro as his brother and general did Atahuallpa raise his head with a sinister look in his eyes. He said in a haughty tone that the Spaniards had been guilty of innumerable crimes, had cast his chieftains into chains, although he, too, had succeeded in killing three of the Spaniards.

Hernando Pizarro answered, shaking his head proudly : " That is not true ! No Indian is capable of killing a Christian. We come, however, as friends, and will help you against Huascar. Ten Spanish horsemen are able to destroy a whole Inca army."

Evidently the brothers resembled each other in pride of speech.

The Inca smiled at his word ; tall gold cups of *tshitsha* were handed to the Spaniards, who emptied them, though with repugnance. Then Soto thought it advisable to give the Inca a specimen of his skill on

horseback by galloping wildly a few times across the square. Atahuallpa had never before seen a horse, but he did not once look up, although he had some of his people beheaded, then and there, before the eyes of the Spaniards because they had nervously retreated out of the horse's way. Then he said proudly: "Although you have come as ravaging enemies into my land, I will forget all and to-morrow visit your camp with some of my nobles. You may live in the town where you will, only beware of entering the fortress."

Pedro Pizarro, by the way, gives a different version of the answer. According to him it ran: "You shall repay me for all the evil you have done, and, above all, you shall restore all that you have stolen."

At any rate, the messengers came back somewhat dispirited to Caxamarca, and reported that more than thirty thousand well-armed warriors were standing all ready up there, more than two hundred for every Spanish head!

Pizarro commanded his soldiers to keep under arms through the night and, when he took counsel with his brothers in the darkness, he formed the desperate plan which was, with one blow, to gain him the mastery of the whole Inca kingdom.

No night attack disturbed the Spaniards' rest and on the next day a messenger came to say the Inca was on his way.

The Inca army now took up its position in a wide circle round the town, whilst Pizarro had the most beautiful of the palaces arranged for the Inca's reception. The cavalry were told to mount and hide them-

selves on horseback in the different halls of the building; he kept twenty reliable men close at hand and pointed the two field-pieces, whose use was unknown to the Inca, full on the hostile camp.

Atahuallpa, surrounded by his chief subjects, approached in solemn state. Hundreds of servants swept the road before him, hundreds followed the imperial litter in gayest of raiment waving feather fans; before the Inca dancing maidens tripped gaily along, and behind came his nobles, also in their litters, whilst five thousand fighting men brought up the rear.

As the sun was setting they reached the chief square of Caxamarca, where the Inca soldiers massed up round their master.

First Valverde, the monk, stepped forward and in a long speech, repeated by interpreters, he told the Inca the history of Christ and that the vicegerent of the redeemer living in Rome at the partition of the lands of the earth had apportioned the realm of Tahuantinsuyu to the King of Spain. He exhorted Atahuallpa to embrace the Christian faith for, if he refused, they would make war upon him and overthrow his temples.

The honest monk certainly showed no less boldness of speech than the Pizarro brothers, and the Inca listened in silence.

Then shaking his head he said: "Far be it from me to submit to strangers. Christ has no message for me. I acknowledge the all-powerful Sun as creator of the world. Who has told you what you have just said?"

The monk showed him the Bible; Atahuallpa took it and turned over the leaves which conveyed nothing

to him then threw it to the ground, saying: "This thing tells me nothing."

Pizarro sprang to his feet and hastily tore his gay cloak off his coat of mail—the sign agreed upon beforehand; the twenty men of the bodyguard rushed upon the Inca, with a blare of trumpets the cavalry burst from their hiding-places in the palace, the field-pieces thundered forth and the merciless Spaniards shot their guns into the astounded multitude, slashing and cutting down all they touched, whilst the pious Christian monk cried in loud, inspiring tones:

"Beat down the heathen! Strike boldly! I absolve you from all sin."

The terrified Incas, who had come without weapons, were crowded together in a mass so dense that even the walls gave way in places under the pressure, and into this mass the Spaniards passed hewing and slashing.

Not a single Inca raised a finger in self-defence, for the discipline of these men was so incredible that no one would make such an attempt until their emperor gave the word of command.

But Pizarro, in shameful disregard of the first law of hospitality, had, with his own hands, dragged him from his golden chair and his loyal followers, who tried to protect his sacred person paid for their effort by instant death, without mercy.

The Spaniards fell upon the Inca like bloodthirsty monsters, tore off royal regalia and garments and would have murdered him if Pizarro, who had his own reasons for preserving his life, had not rescued him from their hands.

Outside, however, the field-pieces were dealing out terrible destruction amongst the soldiers, pressing forward to the town, and when the sun set on this 16th of August which ended so fatally for the Inca kingdom, more than two thousand Inca dead covered the terrible battle-field.

The mad scene of slaughter had lasted a bare half-hour; blood-bespattered, with heaving breasts and faces distorted with wildest passions, the Spaniards stood gazing on their victims.

Pizarro ordered the city gates to be closed and a watch to be kept all night.

If kindly night had not put an end to the unspeakable slaughter, Xeres declares that all the thirty thousand Incas would have met their death before the mouths of the Christian field-pieces.

Atahuallpa, who silently submitted to his fate, was bound and imprisoned in one of the rooms of the palace, and whilst noble blood ran like water through the streets and the Spaniards wiped their gory hands on their victims' costly garments, the monk held a service of thanksgiving to God.

The wildest, most incredible feat of daring had succeeded! A handful of adventurers had captured the mighty Inca in the very midst of his host of faithful followers and a few hundred men had taken by surprise and overcome the gigantic army. The cunning Spaniards, in their thirst for gold, had in half an hour utterly destroyed the mighty Inca realm, already weakened by a fratricidal war.

CHAPTER VII

THE RUIN OF PARADISE

IT was indeed not unmixed Inca blood that flowed in Atahuallpa's veins, nevertheless he bore his captivity with proud dignity. Pizarro was sensible enough not to humiliate him too greatly, since the Inca army was still powerful outside Caxamarca. His first task, too, was to satisfy the rapacity of his followers by plundering the Inca's camp and Atahuallpa's dwelling, the most beautiful house the Spaniards had ever seen, with its red and white wall-hangings and ceilings of painted cedarwood. Atahuallpa was a man of great personal cleanliness, so that even here, in the war-camp, he had his large, stone bath, supplied with hot water brought from some thermal source and with cold from a mountain spring, taps above the bath regulating the flow of both pipes—a wonderful provision of hot and cold water in the Inca camp!

The supply of garments made from the choicest vicuna wool was so great that an eye-witness reports: "Even after all the Spaniards had supplied their wants to their utmost satisfaction, the store showed no appreciable diminution." The gold, too, that was found in the camp, in the town of Caxamarca and in

the Inca's tent reached the value of eighty thousand *pesos de oro,* an amount calculated to turn the brains of poverty-stricken *conquistadores.*

The Inca soldiers were disarmed. Pizarro, "The Cruel," was kinder than the others, for he refused to follow his friends' advice to kill all, or at least to cut off their right hands, and contented himself with giving them and the five thousand captive wives and maidens as servants to his soldiers. The poor *acllias* ! Gomora states that they were sad but obedient to the Spaniards. What else could these unfortunate women be, threatened as they were by sword and lash ?

Many of their conquerors, who, at home, had performed the most menial duties, now possessed several hundred slaves, both men and women, and Pizarro himself, the swineherd of yore, found himself the lord of a great realm and, so to speak, literally wallowing in gold.

Atahuallpa, with keen insight into the character of his conquerors, felt that the main object of their desires was gold, far more than his conversion.

Standing opposite Pizarro in the great palace-hall, he offered a ransom, and, in reply to the Spaniard's query as to what he could offer, he said :

" I will cover the whole of this floor with gold."

As the Spaniard smiled incredulously, Atahuallpa raised his arm as far as he could reach and, drawing a red mark on the wall, he answered :

" I will fill the whole room with golden vessels up to here, provided you will not destroy them."

Squier reports that on his travels the hall (which has been preserved) and the mark were shown to him.

Pizarro agreed. How could he more easily gain immeasurable treasures and who would force him, later on, to keep his promise to the Inca ?

Atahuallpa, however, trusted his word and described the wealth of Cuzco—the gold-lined walls of Inca Huanya's palace, the treasures of the Sun-Temple, and the thousands of massive bars of unworked gold that lay in its forecourt.

Such descriptions well-nigh turned the brain of the greedy *conquistadores*. Pizarro even struck off the Inca's shackles and left him not only free to wander about the rooms allotted to him, but allowed his favourite wife to share his captivity. But, in return for these favours, Atahuallpa was to send immediately for the gold, whilst Pizarro pledged his word to set him free as soon as it was paid.

With a nod of assent the Inca replied : " My messengers can be in Cuzco in five days, yours would take three times as long."

Pizarro now had one of the buildings converted into a chapel, where frequent masses were said and where the monk, Valverde, was pleased to grant absolution to those who had assassinated men in their thousands.

Pizarro proudly proclaimed :

" We good Christians are full of kindness and mercy to our prisoners."

He sent, however, secret messengers to the coast to announce his success and at the same time to urge all newly arrived adventurers to join him at once.

When Atahuallpa saw him also carefully putting the town into a state of defence, he said with a smile :

" No bird in the whole realm dare fly against my

will, no leaf rustle on the trees, but how can I rouse my soldiers in my defence as long as I am in your power ? "

Poor Inca, with your candour you were certainly no match in cunning diplomacy for your unscrupulous destroyer !

But few days elapsed before the loads of gold began to reach the town ; on some days indeed they exceeded in value sixty thousand *pesos de oro* and included jugs weighing more than half a hundredweight. All was taken to the palace and stored in that carefully guarded hall.

Meantime Huascar sent messengers to Pizarro offering him double the gold promised by Atahuallpa if he would help him to recover his throne.

Again Pizarro played off the half-brothers, one against the other. He told Atahuallpa of Huascar's offer and declared he would invite the latter to Caxamarca to attend a court of inquiry as to which had the best right to the crown.

This made Atahuallpa anxious. He still harboured the old hatred against his brother who was, after all, the rightful heir. So, under pretext of sending for more loads of gold, he dispatched a few trusty followers who seized the captive Huascar and threw him to meet a miserable death in a rushing mountain torrent. But, before he died, he called down the vengeance of the gods on Atahuallpa.

Nothing could have suited Pizarro better. He called Atahuallpa to task and as he, of course, denied all guilt in the matter, Pizarro gave vent to righteous indignation, saying :

"I shall most sternly avenge any fratricide and if I find that you, Atahuallpa, are guilty, I shall mete out my judgment on you."

What better pretext could he find to get rid of Atahuallpa too in the future? The last of the true Inca blood had gone with Huascar; Atahuallpa had spared him that trouble!

Huascar was barely six and twenty years of age and had as yet no son. Even a decent burial was denied the poor, soft-hearted youth, for the wild torrent kept his body hidden in its depths.

Shortly after this, messengers came from the coast to bring word that Almagro had landed with one hundred and fifty soldiers and eighty-four horses and was prepared to start at once for the interior. Before the capture of the Inca, Almagro's help would certainly have been most acceptable, but now that he was only coming in time to share the spoils, Pizarro sent special couriers to tell him to remain at the coast where he would join him in a few weeks with the gold.

Almagro's message, however, made him use every means to hasten the delivery of the gold. He and his nobles even went so far as to suspect the Inca—who doubtless was doing all in his power to regain his freedom—of intentional delay in the matter. Moreover, they lived in daily dread of some hidden plot on the part of the Incas, for they could not comprehend how the mighty ruler of such a nation could actually refrain from offering resistance to a few Spaniards. How indeed should Pizarro and his people understand that anyone—especially despised Indians—could keep a promise and trust another's plighted word! For

Atahuallpa trusted Pizarro's promise to restore his freedom as soon as he had paid the gold and therefore, for his part, kept his bond to forbid his people to rescue him by force.

The Spaniards, however, grew increasingly uneasy, and Pizarro sent messengers and emissaries with full powers in every direction to guard the treasure-transport on the one hand and, on the other, to spy out the state of affairs in the country.

Hernando Pizarro himself was amongst these, to Atahuallpa's regret, for although this, the eldest of the Pizarros, was the one most hated for his arrogance by the Spaniards, yet he understood best how to treat the Inca. It is also possible that Hernando, as the only legitimate and therefore the only educated member of the whole family, looked with contempt upon the pack of adventurers surrounding his brother and was impressed by the royal dignity with which Atahuallpa bore his misfortunes.

Atahuallpa had indeed gone so far as to issue commands to receive the Spaniards everywhere as guests and the *conquistador's* messengers, now starting to search the country for its treasures, were carried along the roads in litters raised on the shoulders of the Inca's own bearers.

He had no idea that every step they took into the country did but increase the insatiable greed of these rapacious men, until it knew no bounds.

Like the Aztecs in Mexico the Incas were unable to understand this craving for gold. To them gold was a bright adornment for the temple, a useful metal for articles of use or ornament and nothing more. They

neither had nor knew money, so that gold had absolutely no value as coinage, and this mad thirst for it was beyond their comprehension ; it had no attractions even for their poorest citizen, the *hatunruna.*

Hernando Pizarro then started across the mountains to the old sacrificial temple of Pachacamac to take possession of the treasures hidden there. He was again struck with the greatest admiration for the excellent paved road leading over the mountain range, the marvellous irrigation system, the beautiful fields that their owners' industry had turned into a paradise where they reaped harvests almost larger than their storehouses could hold.

We ask, in wonder, how it was that none of these men felt any pangs of conscience at the thought that their one aim was to destroy all this in the blindest of greed and folly. Why did they not rather preserve it for their own use if they felt they had conquered it, making the Incas their vassals, perhaps, but preserving their strength, skill and intelligence, instead of wiping them out from the face of the earth.

Hernando Pizarro entered Pachacamac, the site of a celebrated votive and oracle temple, to which, year after year, pilgrims repaired with most abundant offerings. Surely, then, masses of gold would be found here ? But the *Villjac Vmu* who, almost equal in rank with his colleague in Cuzco, had the sanctuary under his protection, was more quick-witted than Atahuallpa. He refused admittance to Hernando Pizarro and when he, of course—for how was he likely to respect an Inca sanctuary—burst open the doors he found only a few small vessels ; the rest of his treasures the *Villjac Vmu*

had bestowed in some safe hiding-place, and not till many years later was a portion of the buried gold discovered.

Pizarro, in anger, destroyed the temple and by his orders the image of the god, carved in wood, was smashed to pieces and burnt.

The Incas looked on in horror and gazed with terror at the mysterious cross which Hernando had erected amongst the temple ruins.

They were overcome by indescribable fear. Their god Inti, the almighty creator, had permitted these foreign men to lay waste his sanctuary. Were the foreigners greater than Inti? Was this terrible god and his sign of a bare, threatening cross mightier then than Inti?

These good, faithful, childlike souls! What would have become of Christendom if, in the Great War, which devastated Europe, every nation had given up the Christians' God whenever He, in silence, suffered other Christians to lay waste His churches? Such curious disunion as this no longer upsets modern humanity in its religious views as it did the childish Incas, who now felt reverential fear of the demoniacal power of their conquerors.

Francisco Pizarro, meantime, experienced an unpleasant surprise in the sudden advent of his ally Almagro. The two leaders now devoted their attention to sending away the gold. Why heed the promise they had made to Atahuallpa not to break up the precious vessels? The Inca goldsmiths themselves had to destroy their own marvellous handiwork. Wonderful vases, great golden fountains with uprising spray of

silver water—everything went to the smelting furnaces and was changed into what the Incas considered useless metal bars. On an average, the value of the treasures melted daily amounted to about forty-five thousand pounds sterling.

The messengers, sent to Cuzco, now returned with accounts of further marvels. On one day they had taken down from the walls of a single Inca palace seven hundred gold plates, each worth £400; their booty from one palace on another day reached the value of £150,000. They made no mention, however, of the fact that the messengers had abused the confidence and hospitality shown by the inhabitants, in their anxiety for their ruler's safety, by defiling the Holy of Holies in the Temple of the Sun and violating the virgins in the convent of *Accliahuazi*.

The incredible had become fact; the hall in the palace was filled with gold ingots up as far as Atahuallpa's red line, and even the *conquistadores* themselves estimated the enormous booty at about four million pounds sterling.

The Emperor of Spain received as his fifth share more than two hundred and sixty thousand *pesos de oro*, each of the Pizarros nearly £50,000 and each of the soldiers almost half that sum.

As a natural result the wildest of orgies began at once!

Enormous sums were gambled away, and an almost comical misfortune overtook several on the march to the coast. The packs of gold were laden on to the llamas' backs but, as soon as the creatures reached the mountains, they at once heard the call of the wild

and tore away into passes and over rocky crags where no startled soldier could possibly follow. Thus thousands of pounds were irretrievably lost.

Atahuallpa had kept his word ; even Pizarro had to own that. Now it was his turn to keep faith with the Inca, but of that Pizarro never dreamt.

He now knew Atahuallpa's character. Once he was free, a single word from him would be enough to set all Tahuantinsuyu aflame from end to end. Those same Incas who, in obedience to his command, now looked on in silent endurance whilst the Spaniards laid waste their land would, with so much greater joy, gather round his banner to destroy their tormentors.

No, Atahuallpa must die !

What did it matter to break faith with a barbarian ? Pizarro had never seriously meant to keep it. Huascar's death must be the pretext, so Atahuallpa was accused of his brother's murder.

One man and one only amongst the *conquistadores* ventured to condemn the treachery meditated against the Inca. Soto—one of the most experienced of Pizarro's followers—went so far as to influence a number of the others, and a petition was presented to Pizarro in which Soto stated that the King of Spain alone had the right to condemn the Inca and he himself was ready to escort him to Madrid.

Soto and his friends were dismissed, unheard, and had to leave Atahuallpa to his fate. A court that was only a contemptible farce was formed with Almagro as presiding judge, supported by the two Pizarro brothers, and Atahuallpa was sentenced to death.

Sentenced, too, on absurd charges of which only one

—that of his brother's murder—was in any way justified, and even in this the Spaniards had no right of jurisdiction.

But he was also adjudged worthy of death because he had several wives, because he worshipped the Sun-God, because he had squandered his treasures to the Spaniards' detriment.

Pizarro signed the death-warrant, with only a flourish of course, since he could not write, and Father Valverde, the pious monk, said a more righteous sentence had never been pronounced!

On August 3, 1533, the funeral pile was built on the chief *plaza* in Caxamarca to burn the Inca as a heretic in the presence of his people.

Atahuallpa mounted the pile with proud dignity, but the monk Valverde was not yet satisfied. Cross in hand, he came up and again attempted to convert the condemned man. What shameful blasphemy it sounded on the tongue of this fanatical fiend who called himself a Christian priest, as he exhorted Atahuallpa to be baptized in his last hour, since the Christian religion of brotherly love stood far above the worship of the Sun-God!

As Atahuallpa stood in unmoved silence, the monk had resource to another means of persuasion and promised that, if he would submit to baptism, the Christian brotherly love would grant him, the murderer, death by strangulation rather than by fire.

Then Atahuallpa bowed an assent and received baptism in silence. Valverde gave him the Christian name of Francisco, after his conqueror Pizarro, and then the Inca was strangled by an iron band.

It was not cowardice that had influenced Atahuallpa, but, according to the faith of his fathers, any human being, burnt alive, lost not only body but immortal soul as well. To save this, to awaken at least in the Sun-God's sacred fields above, Atahuallpa became a Christian in his hour of death.

The following night, when the fanatical monk was celebrating a funeral mass, no less shameful than absurd, in the church he had built, the friends and wives of the murdered Inca burst into the building.

With cries and entreaties they begged for a funeral, at least, in accordance with Inca customs. But even that was refused under the pretext that a Christian he had died and as a Christian must be buried. But, spite of all, he was to have one terrible, horrible funeral rite which showed how deeply rooted in this people was love to their Inca, even to this ruler who was, after all, an usurper : several hundred men and women took their own lives that they might join their lord and master in the fields of the blest.

Soto returned shortly after the murder of Atahuallpa, but after overwhelming Pizarro with the bitterest reproaches he left them and went back to Spain in disgust.

Later on, however, this crime was avenged on the murderers, no matter whether by Inti, the Sun-God, or the Christian God whose name they had so shamefully abused.

Not a single one of them all died a natural death.

The criminal monk Valverde, Francisco Pizarro and Almagro were murdered, Juan Pizarro perished miserably, Hernando Pizarro was forced in his old age to

pine away in a Spanish dungeon and Gonzalo Pizarro met his death at the executioner's hand.

In spite of all, however, Atahuallpa was to have his Inca funeral, for no sooner had the Spaniards left Caxamarca, than his body was exhumed, embalmed and taken to Puitu to his father's tomb.

Pizarro now resolved to give the kingdom a new Inca, one who would help him and, from the vantage-ground of descent from the ancient line, be able to keep the people quiet.

He thought he had found such a ruler in Atahuallpa's brother, Tupa Huallpa, who had come of his own accord to the Spanish camp.

He was to be an Inca by the grace of Pizarro, whose hand encircled his brow with *borla's* red fringe, an Inca who was compelled to pay homage to the Spanish flag, an Inca who was carried before the victorious army on its march to Cuzco. The Inca soldiers watched the procession with sinister looks; the new Inca was most certainly not acknowledged by the nation, who, indeed, were assembling all of military age in a way that boded nothing but ill.

Who could it be on whom they set their hopes? Surely none but the General Chalcuchima, formerly *Hatun Apu* to Inca Atahuallpa.

The march was almost immediately followed by the sudden death of the young Inca "by the grace of" Pizarro.

A convenient excuse once more! Of course the guilt was laid at the door of the inconvenient Chalcuchima, who was said to have poisoned the Inca, because he wished to take his place himself.

The "court of justice" that murdered Atahuallpa was formed once more and Chalcuchima too was, of course, condemned to be burnt alive. This time, however, the monk Valverde did not achieve his object. When he described in extravagant terms the joys of Paradise to Chalcuchima to win his consent to baptism, the general asked: "Will Pizarro be in Paradise too?"

And to the monk's assurance that the great Spaniard had certainly earned a special place of honour, Chalcuchima answered:

"Then I have no wish to be there as well."

He mounted the funeral pile and amidst the darting flames raised his voice in a hymn of praise to the ancient gods.

Inca Manco, Huascar's brother, really the lawful heir to the throne, now received an invitation from Pizarro. The cunning Spaniard sought to convince him that he was his friend. What better proof could he have given than the execution of his two great enemies, Atahuallpa and Chalcuchima?

Manco believed his deceitful words and he himself escorted his deadliest enemy to Cuzco. A year after the capture of Atahuallpa, on November 15, 1533, Pizarro rode solemnly into the capital with Inca Manco at his side. The fine buildings, well-kept streets, the universal cleanliness, and, above all, the quarter of the city with the Inca palaces, the Sun-Temple and the fortress of Saxuahuaman made a tremendous impression on the Spanish *conquistador*.

One of his company at that time gave the number of the inhabitants at two hundred thousand; even if this

was somewhat too large an estimate, yet there is no doubt that Cuzco was an important, populous city.

The Spaniards at once began their work, which was to rob and plunder. The gold plates were torn from the walls, even the tombs were desecrated and the storehouses plundered. All the gold was at once melted down. The art-treasures of the Golden Garden, a wonder of the world, such as was never seen again, were all broken up and thrown into the melting-pot !

In spite of the incredible amount of golden treasures, exceeding anything to be found in other countries, there are scarcely any of the Inca works of art still in existence, because the avarice of the *conquistadores* who, of course, were utterly devoid of any artistic feeling, melted everything down into square ingots.

There were now, to be sure, about five hundred Spaniards, eager for their share, so although the booty in Cuzco was in no way inferior to that in Caxamarca, each of them only received about four thousand five hundred pounds sterling.

The Inca's greatest sacred treasure, the golden image of the Sun-God, fell to the portion of an ordinary soldier, who by the following night had—gambled it away !

The temple itself was razed to the ground by the fanatic Valverde, the first " Bishop of Cuzco." A Christian church was built from its stones, but the Golden Garden, as we have already mentioned, was broken up and melted, whilst the Virgins of the Sun were given over to the arms of the Spanish soldiers.

Meanwhile false monks sang their Christian masses before the temple altars.

Although its walls were still standing, Cuzco was already destroyed!

The insolent, undisciplined victors swarmed everywhere, plundering, robbing, pilfering and murdering. The tame llamas were shot in hundreds, the costly clothes, which were far too numerous for the conquerors to use, were soiled and destroyed, the fields trodden underfoot, the water-systems ruined and the fruit-trees hewn to the ground.

A horde of fiends, all mad with their thirst for gold, amongst whom the deceitful monks were by no means the least guilty, spread over the smiling country.

The wonder-tale of this land of treasure-trove attracted fresh crowds of adventurers to a spot where every beggar became a rich man in the twinkling of an eye.

It is true that, even then, evidence was not wanting of the havoc wrought by this wholesale destruction. The plundering and burning of the food-magazines and rest-houses on the lonely mountain roads proved of great loss to the new troops, and many a one fell exhausted under the burden of gold and precious stones which, as a result of the mad slaughter of the tame llamas, he now had to carry himself.

Another farce was enacted on the Haucaypata Square at the coronation of Inca Manco. There were no golden dishes and drinking-cups to be seen—they had all been stolen by the Spaniards or buried by the Incas—no *Villjac Vmu* to endow the new Inca with Inti's blessing, but instead the unscrupulous monk, now " Bishop " Valverde, and the tyrant Pizarro.

But, in spite of all, the poor Inca folk—misled and

destined to destruction—acclaimed the new Inca with shouts of joy.

But without a moment's warning Inca Manco disappeared. Under pretext of fetching for the Spaniards a golden statue of his father, of which he alone knew the hiding-place, he had left the plundered city of Cuzco and did not return.

Francisco Pizarro had, at this time, gone to the coast to lay the foundations of the new capital, Lima, whilst Hernando and Juan, his brothers, remained in Cuzco.

Then occurred—unfortunately too late—what the Spaniards had always feared.

Suddenly all the heights in the neighbourhood of the town were covered with the enemy. Inca Manco was not the willing slave Pizarro had supposed, and he had gathered his people together to fight in desperation.

The Inca's watch-fires glowed on every hill and, at daybreak, the shell-horns, the drums and reed-pipes called Inti's warriors to their last fight.

In despair, that lifted him above all minor considerations, Inca Manco sacrificed his capital with his own hands. Fiery arrows flew into the thatched roofs of palaces and houses ; in a few hours all Cuzco was transformed into a sea of fire.

Yet the Haucaypata Square was too large ; for on it the Spaniards crowded together, and whilst the capital of this ancient kingdom met destruction, at once full of horror and solemnity, in the mighty flames, enveloping her on every side, they waited, in safety, until the fire died out for want of further fuel.

This sacrifice, too, had been in vain ; the Spaniards had escaped from the jaws of death !

Only the palace of Inca Huiracotsha and the convent of the Virgins of the Sun had been spared by the flames. Everything else was a waste heap of blackened ashes.

On the seventh day of the siege, Hernando Pizarro ventured to storm the fortress of Saxuahuaman, and by means of firearms effected an entrance. The place of combat was covered with the lifeless bodies of numberless Incas, of many Spaniards too, amongst them Juan Pizarro killed by the stone from some slinger's hand.

The leaders of the Incas made a desperate defence and their golden battle-clubs crashed upon the heads of all the first-comers, but what could they do against their enemies' field-pieces ?

The Inca who was defending the fortress for Manco sprang upon the highest pinnacle of the tower, lifted his hands in supplication to the sun, then leapt over the rocky wall into the yawning abyss below !

The fortress Saxuahuaman was conquered, yet weeks were still to elapse before the Spaniards had achieved entire success.

For five full months the Inca soldiers encompassed the town, hoping to accomplish by famine what they could not achieve in open battle.

But that, too, was in vain, for hunger and want began to make their way into the besieging army as well.

No wonder it did ; the Spaniards had burnt out the full barns and there was no one to refill them ; the fields lay waste and untilled, the flocks of llamas had either been slaughtered or found a way of escape to the mountains.

Hernando Pizarro ventured on a sally and succeeded in capturing another of Manco's food-magazines.

It is true he failed in his first attempt to follow his brother's example with Atahuallpa and to end the war by capturing Manco. It was indeed all he could do to get undisturbed possession of the town again but—even this last contest was at an end. If Manco would not have his forces die of hunger, he must disband them.

One morning the enemy had disappeared, fled into the mountains and the road was clear once more.

Hernando Pizarro himself, tried almost beyond the limits of human endurance, hastily left the ashes of ruined Cuzco and hurried to the coast. Cuzco was a dead city!

It is true it still contained enormous treasures, but they were hidden—either in walls or under the earth.

In later times it often happened that a Spaniard knocking down some palace wall or digging a hole in the court would come all unexpectedly upon a treasure. It is said that an apothecary once found gold to the value of more than seventy thousand ducats in one of the walls of his house.

A mighty store of treasure, too, no doubt is still hidden in swamp, lake or deep abyss waiting for chance to reveal its hiding-place.

Not only was there this great loss of gold, but Manco's last despairing effort cost the lives of forty thousand fighting men.

Manco himself fled into the wild mountain fastnesses, whilst the Spaniards completed their work of devastation throughout the land.

A stange fate befell the golden image of the Sun-God

Inti. As we have seen, the soldier to whom it was apportioned gambled it away that same night. Later on it came again into the hands of the Inca royal family, but when the last Inca, Tupac Amaru, was executed, the Sun-God's image became once more part of the Spaniards' booty.

The Governor at that time, Francisco de Toledo, wished to send it to Rome as a present to the Pope, but—the ship was sunk. The Sun-God Inti cast his earthly image into the waves of the eternal sea, now that the Paradise which had grown up under his gentle rule was desecrated and destroyed.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT CIVILIZED CHRISTIANS MADE OUT OF THE SUN-GOD'S PARADISE

HAPPY Inca kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu !

At last, then, the great wisdom and kindness of the Christian King of Spain and of his brave generals had set free the poor land, which had pined so long under the Incas' barbarism and the pious monks hastened, cross in hand, with gentle force to convert the perishing souls to the Romish Church where alone salvation was to be found.

Now therefore these poor people, who, to be sure, had up till now quite enjoyed their poverty—poverty consisting of a well-ordered national constitution, of temples and palaces filled with gold, of storehouses overflowing with grain and abundant provision of every kind ; poverty providing everyone with a good and certain living, a contented life not without plenty of work but free from all anxiety and sure of a comfortable old age—these people were to be brought into a state of true happiness !

It was a pity that these good Inca folk shared much the same fate as the horse which his master trained not to eat. As soon as he had achieved his aim and the

clever steed had given up this foolish habit, which did but cause his mater useless expense, the animal died.

And the Inca folk, once they were set free, unfortunately did likewise.

We have seen that there were about twelve million happy inhabitants in the kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu, and they could put an army in the field of three hundred thousand men. . . . In the year 1603, not a century, then, after the glorious "deliverance," the last descendants of the Inca race presented a humble petition to their oppressors for some alleviation of their unendurable burdens, and they then numbered five hundred and sixty-seven, all told!

The Inca race is dead. The miserable dirty Indians who to-day live in Peru—a state still fighting hard for existence—have no connection with the Incas, who were ruined and exterminated!

As everyone knows, the Bolshevists' first principle is that "everything must be destroyed." This principle the Spaniards thoroughly adopted and thereby proved that, under certain conditions, it is indeed easy to root out a civilization, but a task of infinite difficulty to develop another in its place. Even Pizarro, who made earnest endeavours to do so in his old age, did not succeed.

Of course the stupid Inca people showed amazingly little appreciation of the Spaniards' benefits. They did not feel it any honour when Pizarro released the Virgins of the Sun—whose purity had been so jealously guarded that the most painful of deaths awaited anyone of their countrymen who should violate or seduce one of these maidens—from their tiresome vow of chastity and gave

them over to his soldiers' lust. Nor did they rejoice when Pizarro took away their fruitful lands and gave them to his followers, so that Spanish adventurers, of the worst kind, came into possession of immense treasures and rich farms.

The good monks got on better, for crowds of the former worshippers in the Sun-Temple bent their heads to Christian baptism.

It cannot, of course, be denied that these good monks used methods of conversion, as convincing as they were effective.

A number of Incas were heavily shackled or yoked together and brought in hundreds to the baptizing priest, who commanded them to throw themselves on the ground. A detachment of soldiers with loaded guns took up their position in front of them and the leader explained to the converts that he should simply shoot everyone who should venture to lift his head before the sacred sacrament had been administered !

Then the monk took up his brush of holy water, pronounced the baptismal formula and allowed the newly made Christians to get up.

What ingratitude on the part of the Incas not to understand such convincing arguments and always to return again in secret to their own kindly Sun-God !

Well, the Pope in Rome took pity on them !

As early as 1501 Pope Alexander VI gave the King of Spain who was in want of money a considerable sum and commissioned him as follows :

To conquer and acquire the countries and islands of the Indies (America), so that every damned and heretic soul may be rooted out there, and only the doctrine of truth be tolerated.

To the delight of the monks, a court of Inquisition was, no later than 1571, instituted in the new capital, Lima, to carry out this philanthropic edict and the country was privileged to see cruel tortures that compelled the accused by unspeakable suffering to confess to heresy or witchcraft, so that they might then be sent to the stake and burnt alive.

Middendorf says :

The tortures used to compel confessions were of three kinds. First : The bottle-jack or pulley, in which the accused by means of a rope that bound his hands behind his back and ran over a pulley, was drawn up to the ceiling whilst heavy iron weights on his feet pulled him towards the floor.

Second : In the bench torture the accused was bound hand and foot, stretched over a bench with tourniquets round his upper arms, thighs and calves of his legs, a funnel forced into his mouth, through which water was slowly poured until he felt choked.

The third torture consisted in fastening the feet in stocks, smearing the soles with grease and roasting them before a fire.

The death sentence after confession obtained in this way was called in the official language of the Inquisition "handing over to the secular power," since it was beneath the dignity of the sacred Court to stain its hands with the blood of its victims, a pretence as deceitful as it was arrogant, for the execution of their sentence never shed blood as the condemned were either burnt alive or throttled.

Even the most dreadful Indian tales of Cooper's, with their blood-curdling tortures of the Apaches or

Iroquois cannot equal in horror the cruelties perpetrated by the blinded fanatics to the honour of the God of mercy as they preached the gospel of Christ.

And then the pious monks, whose first act—as we have seen in the case of Father Valverde after the taking of Cuzco—was to pull down the costly temples and to destroy everything that those they had defeated held most sacred, wondered when it happened again and again that one of the monks, too, was cruelly murdered.

We will now see what happened after the final conquest of the kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu and the conflagration of the city of Cuzco.

Hernando Pizarro, the eldest brother, had gone to Spain to deliver to the King his share of the booty and at the same time to get renewal and extension of the powers granted to the *conquistadores*.

Even before his departure the mutual relations between the adventurers had become very strained.

Francisco Pizarro, who had had the lion's share of the work, not unjustly now demanded also the lion's share of honour, in which demand his brothers supported him—with good reason.

On the other hand Almagro was very ambitious, and even if he had not been there at first nor scrupled to leave Pizarro to wrestle with his difficulties single-handed, yet he and Luque—now dead—had been the two to provide the necessary funds.

Moreover, Almagro and Hernando Pizarro, both quick and haughty in temper, had already long cordially hated each other.

Hernando was, of course, received in Spain with high

honours. The King was very pleased to accept the new gold-land that fell into his arms without his having to stir a finger. Francisco Pizarro was confirmed in his office of viceroy, whilst Hernando, Gonzalo and Juan Pizarro, the viceroy's brother, were loaded with honours. Then, however, it was decided that Pizarro should keep a certain district under his rule but Almagro should conquer one lying to the south, the Chili of to-day, and in like manner rule it as viceroy.

In this way the King imagined he had settled the dispute between the rivals and Hernando returned to America contentedly enough.

Almagro was already on his way to Chili when the news reached him and as he was not certain where the new frontier between the rival kingdoms lay, he assumed that Cuzco, with its rich store of ruined greatness, belonged to him, whereas in reality the old capital was part of Pizarro's domain.

He started immediately in a northerly direction, and when he heard that Inca Manco had risen and was besieging Cuzco he decided without a moment's delay to call the enemy he had but lately oppressed to help him against his former allies.

However, the Inca declined; in fact he attacked Almagro's ambassador and vanguard, was himself repulsed and sullenly withdrew into the most gloomy and impassable ravines, where he made use of every opportunity to inflict harm on the Spaniards by raids and skirmishes.

Almagro marched against Cuzco, where Hernando Pizarro was encamped. Spaniard now opposed Spaniard! Hernando was taken by surprise and did

not dare to give battle at once, but in different parts of the town the few remaining inhabitants had an opportunity of seeing the Europeans at enmity with one another.

In the night of April 8, 1537, however, Almagro attacked his former friends. After a short resistance, the two brothers Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro, whose house a chance shot had set aflame, were forced to give themselves up.

It was now Almagro's turn to hesitate. He did not follow his friends' advice to put the two Pizarros to death at once, but contented himself with keeping them as prisoners.

This was the beginning of another frightful war between brothers, this time amongst the Spaniards. Gonzalo Pizarro managed to escape and whenever Spaniard met Spaniard, the Incas of course were not far off but dashed down from the mountain heights to disappear again as suddenly, when they had robbed and murdered whatever they could lay their hands on.

It was indeed no wonder that Spanish cruelty had turned even the natural Inca gentleness into fury in this last struggle for revenge on the part of a dying people.

Gonzalo Pizarro was forced once more into hostilities against Inca Manco. He would have liked to catch him by craft as his brother Francisco had Atahuallpa, so sent messengers to invite him to an interview, but Manco was too quick-witted not to see through his cun ning plot and straightway killed the embassy.

The civilized European, Gonzalo Pizarro, took a most horrible revenge. Inca Manco had a favourite wife of

exceptional beauty who had fallen into Gonzalo's hands. He had her stripped naked, bound to a tree, where she was struck with whips and pierced by arrows until at last a lingering death released her from this torture. What must this heroic Inca woman, as she bore in silence such mortal anguish, have thought of the European soldier ?

Inca Manco, however, did not come out from the mountains again, and on every side the rich farms were now handed over to Spanish adventurers and turned into military colonies !

Pizarro and Almagro were still at enmity, but the viceroy really feared that continual civil war would completely weaken the young colony and also his brother Hernando was still in his rival's power. His thoughts therefore flew to intrigue as the readiest means of help and one which, to his temperament, seemed the most natural.

He, therefore, with the show of a strong man's generosity sent word to Almagro that he would give way and leave him in possession of Cuzco until another decision should come from the King of Spain, whilst Almagro in return must set free his brother Hernando who, however, to avoid any further disputes, should at once return home to Spain.

Almagro was old and, unlike Pizarro, whose iron constitution still defied all exertion, he was worn out with the privations of the last campaign. He therefore agreed. But Hernando was barely at liberty again before he and his royal brother had entirely forgotten the promise they had given.

Fresh troops marched up and Hernando made an

unexpected sally upon his hated rival. Orgonez, the commander-in-chief, was killed and the sick Almagro taken prisoner. Hernando showed himself less soft-hearted than Almagro had been and had his prisoner strangled in his tent without delay.

On this occasion at any rate, the two Pizarros were perfectly well aware that they had exceeded their rightful powers, but—well, it was done now! Francisco, without mercy, put down every one of Almagro's followers, whilst Hernando with all speed ransacked the rich silver mines of Charcas with the intention of afterwards really returning to Spain.

There was no denying he was now old and had made things too hot for himself in Peru, but in Spain he hoped to be helped by the almighty power of gold in the great treasures he was carrying thither. After all, what would the King trouble about Almagro, if Hernando brought him gold? In 1540 he actually embarked, not, however, without warning his brother against revenge at the hand of the son whom Almagro had left behind.

But on his arrival in Spain, he received an unpleasant surprise! Almagro's friends had not been idle and, after all, what he had done was nothing more nor less than cunning murder.

So, instead of being allowed an audience by the King, he was marched at once into the dungeon which he was only to leave twenty years later, as a broken old man of nearly ninety.

Pizarro, the viceroy, had taken up his residence in Lima and now, old marauder though he was, he made an earnest effort to restore order in the country that his soldiers had laid waste. The first lust for gold was

over and the Inca treasures which had proved such easily won booty were dispersed and, for the most part, wasted.

It is true that, at this time, there were in the country rich men who had never dreamt that they, whom their own land disowned, would one day eat and drink from golden dishes and cups. Yet the land itself was waste and barren, the Inca settlements destroyed, their water system broken up, the fields their industry had cultivated fallen into waste land, the once great orderly centres of population replaced by wide stretches of entirely deserted country, where only the ruins of former buildings and thousands of bleaching bones bore testimony to murdered Incas and to the prosperity of earlier times.

Pizarro sat in Lima trying to mend what was long past repair, but in Chili there sat Diego Almagro, the murdered man's son, hatching plans of vengeance.

The young Almagro was not content with plans only. Eighteen resolute men under the leadership of a certain Juan de Herradas had crept into Lima to assassinate Pizarro.

Pizarro was having a meal with his friends as the conspirators hastened through the streets of his capital ; they killed the guard at the door and pushed their way into the hall. Martinez de Alcandara, a step-brother of the viceroy's, took up the defence and the grey-haired Francisco Pizarro drew his sword. Two of the conspirators were slain by the blows that the old man dealt out with youthful vigour, but then a third pierced his throat with a thrust of his sword.

Pizarro fell dying to the ground, and traced with

his finger the sign of the cross on the stone pavement, the last pious effort of the bloodthirsty *conquistador* who had used Christ's banner as a pretext for his deeds of violence. But before he could kiss this cross, another sword-thrust put an end to his life.

To save him from mutilation by Almagro's supporters, who were still thirsting for vengeance, some faithful friends wrapped his body in a linen sheet and buried him during the night in the most remote corner of the cathedral. It was not until sixty years later that his piteous earthly remains were placed in a coffin and solemnly interred in the new cathedral at Lima. In spite of all his cruelty, we cannot deny a certain greatness to this man, who had succeeded in destroying a realm of millions of souls with two hundred men and in raising himself from the despised position of a swineherd to that of viceroy of a great kingdom.

To his credit it must be said that he was very unassuming in private life, spent the greater part of the treasure he acquired on the erection of public buildings, and that in his later years he made an honest attempt, at any rate as far as the land was concerned, to repair the devastation he had wrought.

But he was a man who would use any means, however base, to achieve his ends and who, as is proved by the murders of Atahuallpa and Amalgro, broke faith and acted deceitfully with friend and foe alike.

What might not the Inca kingdom have become if a really far-sighted statesman had come instead of the *conquistadores* with their lust of gold ?

Supposing the realm of Tahuantinsuyu had not been destroyed but strengthened ; how easy it would have

been for these intelligent people to have adapted themselves to the benefits—if offered by the hand of peace—of a civilization more advanced in some directions, although scarcely more desirable on the whole !

How easily this nation might have become an ally of European powers !

Pizarro's guilt was indeed colossal, greater indeed than he was able to understand.

Brehm sums up his judgment in the following words :

" When Pizarro, an unknown adventurer, landed in Peru with his soldiers, he found the land in an unusually high state of civilization and of the greatest prosperity. Peace and order reigned throughout this realm, whose subjects lived in comfort, not only contented with their lot, but happy.

" Plains and valleys were like well-tended orchards, and not only provided their cultivators with an abundant living, but permitted them to put such a surplus in the public storehouses as not only could but did fill them to overflowing.

" Innumerable flocks of tame llamas grazed on the plateaux and mountains, just as many lived in fullest freedom on the mountain ranges, providing the inhabitants with wholesome, savoury food and warm, woollen clothing.

" The country was ripe for even higher civilization, and this would no doubt have found ready acceptance by natives of such a gentle and yielding disposition, if the prosperous land had not been given over by Pizarro to the hands of rough, uncultured soldiers.

" All that had been built up by the efforts of the Incas in the course of centuries of mingled firmness

and wise control, was overthrown by senseless conquerors in less than a decade. Fertile lands, bearing rich harvest of all imaginable fruits and vegetables, in a few years were so overgrown by briars and weeds that they would never be so productive again.

"During the military rule, the native population succumbed under the inhuman burdens and afflictions imposed upon them so mercilessly by their foreign conquerors; the numerous flocks of llamas disappeared in a marvellously short time, thanks to their wholesale destruction by undisciplined soldiery, who often killed hundreds of these animals not to make use of their flesh or fleeces, but simply and solely that their brains might provide a treat for revellers desiring a special dainty!"

Such is the terrible but true summing-up of the life-work of the *conquistadores*.

A few weeks later, Inca Manco too met with his death. He had come to blows with a Spanish soldier, who broke his head with a skittle-ball.

The Spanish government now wished in real earnest to put the land in order and sent to Peru as new viceroy and commander the distinguished Spaniard, Blasco Numez Vela.

He was to suppress all rebellion and, at the same time, put a stop to another existing evil. Pizarro, namely, to put a check to the entire depopulation of the country, had brought in great numbers of negro slaves and now the destruction of the Inca people was followed by fresh unheard-of cruelties, practised on these black dependants.

Numez had the reputation of being a man, no less

honourable than unbending—a character, of course, by no means likely to please adventurers, carousing on Inca gold.

One Pizarro, however, was still living, Gonzalo, the last of the brothers, for Juan too had fallen in the strife with Manco. This Gonzalo placed himself at the head of those rebels who refused allegiance to the viceroy, then landing, in case he should not unhesitatingly confirm the *conquistadores* in all their rights.

The state-council in Lima, the *audienza*, itself went over to Gonzalo and the viceroy found himself compelled to retreat with his loyal followers to the town of Trujillo.

Gonzalo Pizarro made a formal entry into Lima, when the royal banner was carried in front of him and he even sent a messenger to Spain to demand recognition as the viceroy chosen by the will of the nation.

Meanwhile, however, Numez returned at the head of the army he had raised with all speed. Some battles were fought in which Numez showed exemplary valour, but he was outnumbered, and the brave man, who might have done some good, met his death in a skirmish near Quito whither he had again been forced to retreat. He fell from his horse and a negro slave severed his head from his body.

Once more Gonzalo Pizarro entered Lima but, this time, with the wreath of victory round his brow.

The bishops of Cuzco, Quito and Bogota rode at his side and all Peru lay beneath his feet!

The fresh disturbances in Peru attracted attention in Spain, and it was feared, not without reason, that

force would prove of no avail. For how could they send an army large enough to prove a match for Gonzalo's troops ?

A wise monk, Pedro de la Gasca, then came forward and promised to achieve by persuasion what was impossible by force. He was appointed President of Peru, although he himself declared that he would hold that position only when he had defeated and deposed the rebel.

He then crossed the sea and this Pedro de la Gasca must indeed have had a clever head and an eloquent tongue, for he succeeded in achieving his object.

The country now rose against Pizarro and was once again the scene of bloody civil war, which ended, after several battles, in the capture and decapitation of Pizarro. Thus died the last of the Pizarro family, the last of the adventurers who had destroyed the Inca kingdom, and the short, mad rush for gold and glory was paid for by life !

A few words must be added concerning the last Incas.

After Manco's death Xairi Tupac Yupanqui was chosen as Inca, and for fifteen years lived, more or less in hiding, amongst the mountains. Meantime Andres Hurtado de Mendoza, who was appointed viceroy in Lima, really wished to put an end to the civil wars and to live at peace with the last of the Inca people.

He invited Yupanqui to Lima, but the Inca was on his guard and it was a long time before he trusted the Governor's efforts at peace.

At last, however, he determined to accept, with an escort of three hundred followers, the Governor's invitation.

What dignity was shown by this descendant of the Incas who had grown up under the victors' yoke!

Before he entered the gates of Lima he removed the *borla* from his brow; as an Inca, sorrowing over the loss of his kingdom, he would not appear before his conquerors wearing the insignia of his imperial office!

The viceroy put a palace at the Inca's disposal and treated him as an honoured guest, for he was anxious by means of their ruler, even if one in name only, to win over the Incas who were still in force amongst the hills. In this connection, tradition tells the following little anecdote. The Archbishop of Lima gave a feast in honour of the Inca, possibly too in the hope that his guest would give him a handsome present from one of his hidden treasure-stores. But the Inca drew a thread out of the costly velvet tablecloth and turned to the Spanish Governor, saying:

"All this tablecloth is mine, but you only give me and my family this one poor thread!"

And with these words he fell into brooding silence.

Not long after he too died, probably from poison at the hands of the Spaniards.

His younger brother was then chosen as Inca, but he lived high amongst the wild mountains in the neighbourhood of the river Amazon and had all the roads and bridges leading to his camp destroyed. But the Spaniards would not leave him even this last refuge. Francisco de Toledo, then living as Governor in Peru, captured thirty-nine of the Inca relatives, and as befitted a worthy disciple of Pizarro, he set about compassing their death, not by open violence but by deceitful cunning. Under pretext of a mark of honour,

the thirty-nine Inca nobles were forced to take up their abode in a pest-ridden district, where before the first year had elapsed thirty-eight succumbed to the climate.

The Governor then dispatched a general to catch the last member of the Inca royal family, for the sole reason that he was an Inca, for he lived like a frightened, hunted creature in the wilds of the mountains.

Inca Tupac Amaru was broken-spirited now and never thought of resistance. He built a raft and tried to escape with the remnant of his treasures down the Amazon river. Had his attempt been successful, perhaps he, a second Manco Capac, might have appeared to some wild Indian tribe in the primeval forests of the Amazon to bring them civilization and to found another of the Sun-God's peaceful realms. But his persecutors would not even allow him to flee. They overtook him, and the last Inca resigned himself to his fate without a blow being struck.

He was led before the Governor; his last treasures were stolen from him and given as a reward to the General who had captured him, and this peaceable man, who had spent his whole life in the mountains, with not a sin on his conscience but that he was an Inca, was examined by torture.

He was condemned to death for the high treason, which he had never committed, after his judges had not hesitated to use the rack to extort from him and his companions confessions as to where more treasures were hidden.

On the Haucaypata Square, the former scene of all the Inca gala days, where, every year, the nation

celebrated the peaceful *Raymi* feast, the square which Huayna, the last reigning Inca, had—of all his race the only one forgetful in his extravagance, ambition and arrogance of the spirit of his fathers, the cause of his nation's downfall—encircled with a golden chain; on this square the scaffold was erected on which the sole survivor of the Incas was to lose his life as a sacrifice to the Spaniards' insatiable lust of gold.

Inca Tupac mounted the scaffold with proud dignity and gave his neck to the executioner's axe. It was in the year 1572, and already the last Inca ruler was killed and but a few hundreds of his subjects wandered homeless in the mountains. We have seen that in 1603, thirty years later, their numbers were reduced to five hundred and sixty-seven. Soon after, these too were gone, vanished—dead, the last remnant of a great nation of millions of people, of kindly instincts and of good natural gifts, a civilized nation of the first rank, murdered and utterly exterminated by fanaticism and lust of gold; surely the most frightful tragedy that history has ever recorded!

* * * * *

And what became of Peru?

As early as January 18, 1535, Francisco Pizarro had laid the foundation of Lima, the future capital, and in an incredibly short time this underwent a most marvellous development.

This *Ciudad de los Reyes*, the "City of the Kings," as it was named from its foundation on that church festival, certainly contained all the Inca gold now converted into private wealth. It was here the Spaniards

erected the Governor's residence, and an exceptional number of churches and monastic buildings; what more favourable soil could be found for them?

The Inca temples with their golden treasures lay in ruins and how could heretic gold be put to a nobler use than to find its way into the coffers of the most saintly monks and provide them with comfortable quarters?

Barely a century later, Lima was noted for its abundance of fine streets, splendid shops, grand carriages and extraordinary luxury.

Of course, for the gold gained so quickly by shameless theft slipped easily through its owners' fingers and adventurers became gay cavaliers!

The ladies of Lima, too, were renowned for their beauty and charm, and still more so for their gaiety of life.

In the numerous convents, too, there was by no means such chaste and simple purity as once upon a time in the *Acllíahuazi* in Cuzco, the Cuzco of the heathen—and therefore lost—Virgins of the Sun.

The numbers of amiable "pretty ladies" who bore the adventurers company prevented such a sharp line being drawn between honourable women and prostitutes as existed between Inca wives and the despised *pampayrunas*.

Then came an evil time, however. The Inca gold was dissipated, no one had learned to work, the land lay waste; the star of the young capital seemed about to set, but Fate willed it otherwise.

Yet again on three occasions undeserved treasure was to fall into the new colony's hands with no effort on its part.

After the Inca treasures had been thrown to the winds, they discovered, on the plateau, the silver mines of Potosi, a rich source of wealth not utterly exhausted even now. And as this source of revenue began to grow less, it was replaced by the output of guano. Then, when a system of robbery, totally without the Inca care in preserving the birds at breeding times, not only almost exterminated them entirely but exhausted the supply of valuable manure, a fresh gold-mine was found in the newly opened beds of saltpetre.

Thus, then, Lima was long a paradise for all fortune-hunters in the New World.

It was almost as prosperous as Cuzco in the Inca days, except that the Inca wealth was founded on a well-ordered state, on sound work and production, but the new riches were drawn from illegitimate sources, extravagantly exploited, and filled the pockets of a small minority only, whilst poor, neglected Indians, black slaves and the worst kind of mixed races, languishing in indescribable dirt, were the only population, and that a very sparse and scattered one, of the districts cultivated in earlier days, but which now had long since reverted to dry desert or primeval forest-land.

Even in the period from 1810 to 1821, when Peru, after hard fighting, broke away from Spain and became an independent state, it only improved its condition by slow degrees, and groaned under the weight of numberless revolutions, national money crises and wars. It has never again reached the prosperity it once possessed under the Incas, and it is highly improbable that its sparsely populated lands ever will reach it again.

We see, then, in its history a dead civilization, an immense, irreparable loss, and read there, too, an instructive warning, perhaps never more needed than in the present day!

The Inca kingdom shows that a state, insisting on the complete abolition of individual property is conceivable or possible only when, on the one hand, every member of that state relinquishes all claim to personal possessions, and, on the other, when those who guide its affairs are, like the first twelve Inca-rulers, entirely single-eyed in devotion to their work and unwilling to swerve one hand's breadth from the path which they recognize as that which alone can lead to the attainment of their ideals.

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